

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,100 Vol. 119.

27 March 1915.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Przemysl at last has fallen after five months of sortie and siege. There could be no better augury for the success of the Russian armies. Every move of the war in the East has had an immediate effect upon Przemysl. Przemysl has been a gauge of the varying fortunes of von Hindenburg and the Grand Duke. On the first advance of the Russian armies in September Przemysl was invested. Thereafter the two great offensive movements towards Warsaw relieved the fortress before it was seriously in danger of falling. Twice the Russian wave has come forward and broken upon the forts of Przemysl. Now, at the third advance, it has carried away the most stubborn of the obstacles to an advance upon Cracow. The third effort of von Hindenburg to carry the war into the enemy's lines has not succeeded, and this want of success has naturally caused a temporary weariness and disorganisation of the overtaxed armies of Prussia. North at Tilsit, and south at Przemysl the Russian armies have again returned and reaped the reward of their wonderful persistence.

In their first attack upon Przemysl in September last the Russians, with desperate heroism, flung battalions of men at the fortress. They attacked like the Germans at Liège; but they did not repeat the mistake. The assault became an investment. It was seen that the fortress must be left to the heavy guns. The question was: When would it be safe to bring up the necessary siege train? The Russian Staff were not disposed to bring up their heavy siege guns till it was fairly clear that the Austro-German armies were not in a position to sweep suddenly forward and capture them. The arrival of heavy artillery was evidence that the Russian Staff was fairly well satisfied with the solidity of the Russian position. The moment for pressing the siege was most skilfully chosen. Von Hindenburg has just delivered a tremendous blow upon his adversary, and the Grand Duke has caught the aggressor before he has recovered his balance. The fall of Przemysl now sets free some 100,000 men for the advance through Western Galicia; and the Russians have lost no time in pushing their advantage. The fall of Przemysl was at once followed by heavy fighting in the Carpathian passes.

Memel has also been entered on reconnaissance by the Russians. This was an exploit which might well alarm and infuriate the Germans in East Prussia. Again their country was invaded. Moreover, a feint—it was not more than that—was made at a town of some strategic importance. If the Russians could establish themselves in the neighbourhood of Memel either the German fleet would have work to do in the far Baltic, or the Russian fleet would have a new part to play in these waters. But we cannot reasonably expect that von Hindenburg will accept this position. For the moment he is in difficulties all along the line. The weather has betrayed him and bogged his armies. The strength and numbers of the enemy present him with the task of watching a line of 350 miles—a task he can only perform when his power is perfectly in hand and when his enemy can be compelled to conform to his own dispositions. The fall of Przemysl is the first real sign in Poland that these conditions are quite likely to change before long.

The despatches from Flanders have recorded nothing of importance since the counter-attacks of the Germans at Neuve Chapelle were successfully repelled. The French continue to advance on the right, aiming only for the moment to avoid being idle and thus giving the enemy spirit and opportunity to refuse the defensive part they are for the moment compelled to play. The most striking news from the western front is the story of the raid by aeroplane upon Antwerp. This seems to have succeeded in its object. Two submarines and the submarine slips were damaged; and this was reward enough for the internment of one of our pilots in Holland. The success of this expedition is encouraging in view of the activity of the enemy aircraft. There have been several enemy raids upon French towns this week; but the enemy craft attacked from an immense height, without a scheme. Three women and four civilians killed is the record of three separate German raids.

The forcing of the Dardanelles is an immense undertaking; through good tidings, and through ill tidings, and when there are no tidings at all, the public

should always bear that in mind. It is no subsidiary or minor field of activity like the fighting over German colonies; but, carried through, it must affect, quickly and profoundly, the whole aspect of the war. The political import and the commercial import of this side of the war are hard to overrate; though this truth comes slowly home to most of us, whether informed or uninformed. The Dardanelles side of the war is not equal in importance, perhaps, to the land campaign in Western Europe or the land campaign in Eastern Europe, or to the North Sea; but it comes easily after these three phases; and is regarded by at least one great Neutral Power and several lesser ones as more important than any of them.

We have heard a statesman of very great experience say lately, in private conversation, that in his view the operation, if it is to be thorough, is not practicable. But we mention this only as a warning against easy or over confidence in the matter. The complete accomplishment of this great work may take a good many weeks yet. News has been scanty as to the operations during the last few days: at the close of last week the Admiralty announced the loss of two British battleships, the "Irresistible" and the "Ocean", and one French battleship, the "Bouvet", through floating mines during the bombardment of the forts. These losses are serious, of course, though none of the ships is of the latest type. The loss of life on the "Bouvet" was very heavy. The gaps in the Squadron were at once filled.

The German submarine phase of the war is now beginning to be seen in more correct perspective. It is a serious menace, and is causing a considerable loss among the lesser craft of our mercantile marine, but it seems to have no deterrent effect on our seaborne commerce. A discussion has been going on as to whether these submarines officers and men are "pirates", and whether they could be usefully tried as such. The discussion seems to us immaterial. We do not know and do not care whether they are "pirates" or "corsairs". As to the proposal that they should be tried by a civil court presided over by Sir Edward Clarke, this is surely near a jest. The one thing we desire is that the submarines may be sunk wherever met with or without their crews, as that old marauder, the "U29", was sunk this week; and we imagine that this is the view of most people who look at the thing coolly. Admiral Sir William Kennedy had a characteristic letter in the "Times" of last Tuesday. He would like to see guns mounted wherever possible on steamers and a good dose of canister shot administered. We expressed a similar wish lately. There is good horse-sense as well as humanity in the Admiral's point of view—which one expects from him. The Marquess of Bristol takes the same view. But, unfortunately, guns and shells are not so abundant to-day as mankind desires. What an irony, by the way, that we should live to hear the leader, or very near the leader, of the Pacifists turned "Chief Petardier" and crying out for more and yet more "Shells, Shells, Shells". Yet this is what he has been doing, and rightly doing with great spirit, during the past week or so.

The full text of the regulations empowering the Government to take over the workshops of the country was published on Thursday; but the Government had already taken the public into its confidence and nothing new was to be learned from the actual document. It is more important to note that the Labour disputes are being settled one by one, and that meantime the workers are really at work. The Government's big step undoubtedly has helped to drive home to them the fact that Great Britain is engaged in a war which cannot afford to wait upon twopence an hour; upon grumbling, suspicion, and jealousy between masters and men; and upon all the moves of the old industrial and trade union game.

We are glad to see that the railways expect to be too busy for Easter to deal with the cheap excursion traffic and that all "trips" are cancelled. "Trips" are well enough—cheap travelling, indeed, is one of the very few cheap modern things for which the public have reason to be thankful. But "trips" that hold up coal and munitions of war are at this time not to be thought of.

This work must go forward now night and day without further pause. We have lost time the price of which cannot be measured. If the Allies had been ready at this moment to move in France on a big scale, to play the game of Neuve Chapelle all along the line from Flanders to Alsace, there is little doubt that the enemy could be put to his legs and hurried towards his own frontier. Sir John French this week sends a message to the workers of England. It is: "Munitions, more munitions, always more munitions". For want of munitions the chance has again to be missed, and the enemy must again be permitted to grow strong. The workers have now received a full and clear warning of the results of short time and long drinking, of strikes and half-hearted work in the shops. They must not allow these things again to betray our soldiers in the field.

Sir E. Grey, in his speech at the Bechstein Hall on Monday limited himself to repeating the commonplaces of the Allied case against Germany, the aggressor. All the points of his speech are proved and documented as formal history. There was no real diplomatic difficulty in July last except of Austria's making, and, when even Austria drew back from open war, only Germany stood in the way of peace. Every Power but Germany desired conference and agreement at the last. Austria meant to swallow Serbia; but she shrank from the edge of war with Serbia's strong protector. Russia was even more anxious for peace, the Czar himself appealing to the Kaiser up to the last moment. As to the part of Great Britain, her anxiety on behalf of peace may be open to criticism; but not her anxiety for war. Germany alone refused all reasonable terms. Germany alone threatened the neutrality of Belgium. Germany alone was ready for war. All these points were proved months ago to the satisfaction of all impartial witnesses. Notably, it was proved to the satisfaction of Italy, who, if Germany were the wronged and provoked nation which she is now anxious to be taken for, was bound to help her partner and ally. Germany, the oppressed, the wronged, the victim of a European conspiracy, lives only in the snuffing after-thoughts of her professorial bravoes and bullies.

There is, however, one passage in Sir E. Grey's speech which will barely pass unnoticed. "In recent years", said Sir E. Grey, "we have given Germany every assurance that any aggression upon her would receive no support from us. We had withheld from her but one thing—an unconditional promise to stand aside however aggressive Germany herself might be to her neighbours". Here, again, we are on the track of those negotiations of 1912 of which the Government refuses to disclose the particulars. It is now clear that the Government in 1912 received a frank warning from Germany that Germany intended at the first opportunity to attack France—that Germany, in fact, asked the British Government for an unconditional promise "to stand aside." In the face of this warning the Government neglected to warn or prepare the country. It shut its ears to signals of war as clear as any Government has ever received in the whole course of history; and it went on with party and private schemes which weakened and divided the country to the verge of civil war. Is it wonderful that the Government is not eager to publish the evidence of its lack of foresight? Foresight, indeed, was hardly needed. All that was needed was a vision clear of the party squint.

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The latest declaration of General von Bernhardi takes from him the small claim he had upon our respect. When General von Bernhardi wrote "Germany and the Next War" we seemed to hear the voice of a blunt and stubborn soldier, of limited but strong imagination, declaring a perverse faith in violence which was utterly sincere and had under all the crudity and exaggeration of its expression a grain of undoubted truth. That a nation must not forget the martial virtues; that the terrible discipline of war has bred courage and self-reliance and foresight and devotion to country—all this is undoubtedly. General von Bernhardi had here a solitary morsel of truth which might usefully have been taken to heart and mind by some of our own "pacifists" fed to their undoing on great illusions and military holidays. Unfortunately General von Bernhardi forgot that, if war has bred courage and pride of race, it has bred also, in old fighting nations, chivalry and mercy and generosity, a hatred of oppression and of unjust dealing. The paradox of war is that its best virtues are not bred in the men who believe in war for its own sake. To glorify war as an end itself, to declare that it is the duty of strong nations to hack their way through to supremacy over their neighbours, is crude and false. This was General von Bernhardi's mistake—the mistake of a coarse and shallow thinker.

But the mistake was grounded in truth, and it was an honest mistake. "Germany and the Next War" seemed not altogether a contemptible book. Though General von Bernhardi cannot for a moment be compared with Treitschke, and though it is ludicrous to name him with Nietzsche, he seemed nevertheless, in an honest and blundering way, to be declaring an intelligible conviction. He seemed to have a kind of blustering and inverted morality of his own. This cannot be said of his late messages to the American people. We must conclude from these messages that "Germany and the Next War" was not the blunt faith of a soldier but the loud voice of the bully. For we find this believer in war for its own sake, this man who celebrated war as a noble and inspiring necessity, this soldier who told us that it was a *duty* of strong nations to conquer, and that no treaty could be suffered to stand in the way of the fulfilment of this duty, now pleads to the American people that Germany was a wholly peaceable and innocent country, wantonly attacked. The loud voice now whines in falsetto that Germany never dreamed of making unprovoked war upon her neighbours. It tells us not only that Belgium was safe from all violation from Germany, but that she was never really violated by Germany. France was the real violator of Belgium—France, along with the infamous English.

The Super-sanguinists of—chiefly but not entirely—the Radical Press are being bled by their own physicians. A week or two ago, it is said, they were rebuked by a High Authority with much severity for taking a too Mark Tapleyist, even a "ridiculous", view of the war; whilst on Tuesday at Manchester Sir John Simon cupped them still further. They are not to believe that "Peace is in sight": they must not fix the happy day yet, neither April 1 nor May Day. They are even to accept it from Sir John Simon that the German people is not at all divided against itself. In fact, the Millennium is to be deferred awhile, and with it that castration and neutralisation of the armaments of Europe which is to end in the civic policing of the nations and Cosmopolis.

Sir John Simon's speech was sensible and to the point, and he refrained wisely from the apothegm which he favoured for recruiting ends earlier in the war—namely, "One Free Man" is worth three Pressed Men". There are three sayings in this country which have sorely tried the temper of our brave Allies, the French. They are these:

- (1) "The British Army saved Paris".
- (2) "Business as Usual".
- (3) "One Free Man is worth three Pressed Men".

It is unnecessary to explain why these sayings have

been taken amiss in France: the offensiveness of them is really too apparent. But it is as well to state them explicitly, so that in future they may be avoided. The warmth of the French nation towards this country has been generous and never-failing since war was declared: we ought not in return to offer them, however unintentionally, slights.

As to the Attorney-General's famous, if unfortunate apothegm, a singular problem has lately been put to us. It is this: "If one free man at the war is worth three pressed men, what are the relative values as between three pressed men who go to the war and one free man who does not go to the war?" The problem is impossible of solution, though at first glance it looks like a Hamblin Smith example of a sum in double proportion. The value of free men, though not talked of so much to-day, is, however, going up according to some enthusiasts. Mr. Bottomley, according to a report of a speech of his lately, puts the ratio as high as ten to one. We have certainly, on this reckoning, got a handsome reserve of potential military strength in this country to-day.

The Aniline Dyes scheme of the Government has turned out exactly as we anticipated: a complete and ridiculous failure. Barely half the money required, a mere million, was subscribed; and, as a result, the country, thanks to the too clever by half device of Ministers, was placed in a particularly absurd and humiliating position, from which the patriotism and enterprise of our business men has this week attempted to rescue it. The business men decided on Wednesday to increase their subscriptions, after virtually tearing up the original prospectus. Germany in this case truly has the laugh at our expense; and in what a light we must appear to nations that thoroughly understand business! What, for example, must the United States think of us? The exasperating thing was that the scheme was obviously doomed to complete failure. Virtually nobody believed in it save a few Ministers apparently, and we are not at all sure that they really trusted in their own plan.

The Aniline Dyes scheme was a feeble attempt (a) to get the country out of the mess into which professional and antiquated Cobdenism plunged it in the matter; and (b) an equally vain attempt to save the face of those politicians who have preached the doctrine of bald Free Trade as if they were preaching some sacred and essential truth of religion. Cabinet conceit has a great many things to answer for, we fear. It was Cabinet conceit, for example, that insisted on deriding and even insulting Lord Roberts in 1912.

The Royal Society of St. George—a letter from whose secretary is printed in the REVIEW this week—announces an open-air celebration of St. George's Day (23 April) on Tower Hill. This Society is worthy of warm support. It has just issued a statement from which we quote this excellent passage:—"Englishmen have been second to none in admiring the courage and conduct of Scottish and Irish regiments, for whom no praise can be too high. Ungrudgingly have they participated in the St. Andrew's Day and St. Patrick's Day and St. David's Day celebrations. Now, on St. George's—England's—Day comes the time when the bravery of their own English fellow-countrymen calls in like manner for especial remembrance. Let it never be said that while generously praising others they neglected to do justice to the heroism and valour of their own English-born soldiers in the trenches, and sailors who have hunted the German flag from all the waters of the world."

Owing to the dropping of two words out of a note last week the Imperial Service College was credited with having given 29,000 officers to the British Armies since war broke out! The sentence of course should have run: "At least sixty of 29,000 officers have joined the Army from the College since war broke out."

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE GREAT NEED OF FORESIGHT.

WHAT should be the first essential, the absolute "Without-Which-Nothing", in a Cabinet Minister in the system under which we live at this momentous time?

To such a question—a very useful and practical question when we are engaged in a war of life and death against a Power like Germany, and when we shall presently be faced with the most difficult and the vastest settlement of nations the world has ever known—various answers will probably be given. One man will answer that "Honesty is the first essential"; another will say Patriotism; a third will declare for Genius, and a fourth will insist on Industry, an immense sleepless attendance to duty and department.

We should prefer to plump for Foresight.

Cabinets in these days are absurdly large, and the custom has grown and grown of cramming into them superior placemen, obvious mediocrities, and even important nonentities. No intelligent person would think of denying that there were individuals answering to one or more of these descriptions in the last Cabinet, and that there likewise are persons answering to the same description in the present Cabinet—persons really of no light or leading whatever. It is the habit of Governments, irrespective of Party, to fill up with very ordinary human beings. We are not thinking of any such acknowledged mediocrities—who may have their quite good, if obscure, uses—in asking what should be the first essential of a Cabinet Minister. We are thinking of the three or four, or at the utmost, say, the half-dozen men who form the inner ring of Cabinets. These men surely should be completely fit and qualified by high gifts for their work—the most responsible work that exists within the Empire; and among such gifts we would place foresight as number one. Without foresight, our statesmen—however honest, patriotic, departmentally capable, imaginative, level-headed, judicious, careful, fair-minded, etc.—can, at best, only carry on with a hand-to-mouth policy. Unless they can see a little into to-morrow or the day after, how can they provide securely for the future? And clearly this applies to our domestic as well as to our foreign and colonial policies. Foresight is of immense importance at the present time, and in the midst of this tremendously dangerous struggle. For example: (1) Suppose the Government driven into national and obligatory service sooner than imagined—has it against such an event employed foresight in arranging in regard to, say, the necessary exemptions from such service there obviously must be for the men working on munitions of war, etc.? Has it therefore taken all precautions and made all necessary plans in view of such an event? Lord Selborne, some time ago, asked for light on this particular subject; for, as he truly pointed out, such a change in system cannot be brought at once into working order unless all necessary precautions have been thought out and arranged well beforehand.

Again, (2) Have the Government, employing foresight, thought out at all scientifically their main settlement outlines in case peace should come before they expect it? If they have not, and Peace were to come suddenly, we might be in another painful state of improvisation, a peace predicament then instead of a war predicament as in August.

It may be objected by some easy-going people that Cabinet Ministers cannot be prophets and seers, and

that the British public does not expect and does not desire to find in its Cabinet Ministers a Chatham or a Coriolanus; that all it looks for is candour and a fund of working common sense; and, in the not distant future, the finishing off of the war and a reasonable settlement of the various territorial and other questions which the contest has raised. There are probably a good many people who take this comfortable point of view; and there are still more who merely look on the war as an annoying but unavoidable incident that has for a while baulked their own particular little political plans. "Let us finish off the war as soon as we conveniently can", was in effect the suggestion lately of a very influential and wealthy Radical baronet, "and then we shall be able to take up anew and carry through our task of destroying feudalism in this downtrodden England". It is surprising how many people approximate to this standpoint. They are for doing up their familiar political fads and prejudices, the bones and skulls of these, in neat brown-paper parcels, putting them on the shelf for the time being; and, when the war and settlement nuisance are done with, taking down and untying these parcels, and getting to business again in the old-fashioned way. But the brown-paper parcel notion is wrong. The people who hold it will find, if ever they come to untie the parcels, that the bones have gone to dust and that the skulls appear merely hideous and horrible in their eyelessness. There is no chance of the baronet getting back to his "scrap" with feudalism. Nor will he live to see his colleagues regaling themselves once more on the fare of a plural-voting, a fishing land enquiry, or an increment session. All such old-established favourites are going, if they have not yet already gone, by the board. There will have been too many people killed and maimed in the war, long before Belgium is free of the last German soldier, to allow of this country settling down again to the battle over the dry bones and the eyeless skulls. There will be too many intensely complicated, urgent, and—to tell the truth—extremely dangerous settlement questions to the fore for years to come, for the country to wage once more the battle of the dry bones. What time we have to spare on our home concerns—not perhaps a great deal for rather a long while—will, we may depend upon it, go to vital, energising, and very human problems which the war itself and the vast disturbance through it of our trade, work, and whole life will have thrust to the forefront. No; the old bones and the eyeless skulls—which seemed to some zealots so live the day before yesterday—will go into the museum: their day is virtually over.

It is because the war and the settlement after the war must put aside the old worn-out programmes and clichés—Newcastle and the rest—and substitute instead vital problems of the greatest moment, that the country will expect the highest efficiency attainable in its leaders and guides. It will surely feel that it cannot afford to go on once more on the old, tolerant, easy lines, muddling somehow through its wars and its crises. The Empire will not agree to such a sinking back into old ruts: Canada and Australasia, which are giving of their best blood, would not agree to it even if the Old Country were to. When it looks through the record of drift and unpreparedness, followed by the huge welter of improvisation that are too clear to us all to-day, the country will want to overhaul its system of statecraft. It will need a better standard generally in statesmanship. The country and the Empire will not be in the mood to

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wait a bit and see; but it will expect its statesmen to foresee somewhat—quite another matter. It will look for two things, which have been too markedly absent from its councils in, at any rate, the near past—namely, for a reasonable measure of prevision and of provision.

PRZEMYSŁ.

THE fall of Przemysł is one of the most important and encouraging events of the war since the German advance in France was turned back from the Marne. This may seem a surprising statement to those who have credulously read in our super-sanguineous Press of many decisive Russian victories in Poland, of frequent routs of the Austrian armies, of army corps decimated or cut off, of prisoners made in whole battalions. But it will not surprise anyone who has intelligently followed the swing and counterswing of the Russian and German armies on the Eastern frontier. There was never any question in Poland of an irresistible and continuous Russian advance across the frontiers of Austria and Germany. This was a fable of writers who were ignorant of the geography and military resources upon either side of the disputed territory. The most that any reasonably cheerful soldier ever expected in Poland was a swinging backwards and forwards of the battle line with a gradual advance of the Russian flood at each successive recoil. This was the intelligent optimist's view. There were many who did not count even upon this. They were beginning to be committed to the view that the position in Poland could never be more than stalemate. They expounded the doctrine of eternal recurrence. General von Hindenburg, behind his railways and in touch with his supplies, could, they argued, always send the Russians back to Warsaw and the Niemen with a violent offensive. When this offensive had exhausted itself the Grand Duke, now able to draw upon his own reserves and resources, would always be able to drive back the exhausted invader. So the war in Poland would go on for ever, the only question being whether luck might not at last carry the German offensive to Warsaw. This was the view of critics who were ready for the worst. It was a view that tended to gain ground in two disagreeable stages of the war in Poland, when the German guns were heard in Warsaw. It would be absurd to deny that von Hindenburg's two mighty blows at the heart of Poland caused great anxiety to the friends of Russia. What the English public made of them is not easily guessed. They were able to see quite clearly that the beaten, surrounded and decimated Germans were still able to clear East Prussia of the enemy and advance rapidly to the limit of their old positions. The Grand Duke was apparently dealing with a hydra whose heads multiplied faster than they could be decapitated.

If the public is ever to come to a knowledge and true appreciation of the war in Poland, it cannot do better than begin by recognising that after six months of desperate and obstinate war nothing really decisive has as yet occurred. Some of the biggest battles in the history of war have been fought during these last months in Poland. Our great ally has conducted the war brilliantly, with rare patience and incredible valour. Russia has won and lost battles which in older days would have made or destroyed an empire. But the truth remains that the fall of Przemysł is so far the most important success upon either side in the whole campaign—a success collected like ripe fruit, and achieved in a wholly unsensational way. It is the best augury of success, the first real sign of weakening in the German machine, we have yet perceived. A great fortress, watching the roads towards Cracow, manned by over 100,000 men, has been allowed to fall to the enemy after five months' firm and heroic resistance. The last lapping of the Russian wave has washed over the rock on which it has twice before been broken. The defenders of Przemysł have anxiously watched the turn and return of the Russian armies in

Poland. It was a question with them as to whether General von Hindenburg would carry his battalions to Warsaw and relieve the pressure upon the Southern portion of his line, or whether they themselves would at last be pressed to death. Przemysł has felt each turn of the tide in Poland, and its fall implies that while the last German offensive has left General von Hindenburg weaker than the first it has left the Russians stronger than ever before. At last the Russians have been able to bring up their guns; and while General von Hindenburg could not spare a man, have been able to reduce an enemy who has been twice relieved. The fall of Przemysł has killed the doctrine of eternal recurrence. The Germans and Austrians may return; but hardly so confidently and hardly so far. We must not exaggerate even this blow at the enemy's prestige and fortune; but it is at any rate clear that a strategic position, defended to the last, has fallen to Russia with over 100,000 prisoners. It is clear that General von Hindenburg has struck this time beyond his strength, and that the Grand Duke has taken him before he had time to recover. However hard and fortunate his future blows may be, it is the German's dispositions which first have shown a palpable weakening. The Russians are in Przemysł, but the Germans are not in Warsaw. Moreover the Russians are not in the least exhausted by their achievement. The troops set free from before Przemysł are actively pushing their advantage towards the Carpathians and the Bukovina. We hear of a battle in the Lupkow Pass, where an Austrian position was stormed on the crest of the Beskia Mountains. Elsewhere the German armies are successfully held.

Now would have been the time to put the German armies everywhere upon the defensive. Doubtless they are preparing themselves for a great new effort. Doubtless, too, this effort is being delayed for the same reason which now prevents the Allies sweeping their enemy back in the West and in the East. The next move is with the armies which can soonest and most liberally be supplied with munitions of war, more especially with shells. General French has said it—shells, more shells, always more shells. Lord Kitchener has also said it. All our own industrial energies are now turned to this end. Had they been earlier turned to this end we might now have caught the enemy between the millstones in the moment of exhaustion revealed to us in the fall of Przemysł. But we must pay for the lack of foresight in our Government as we have paid before. The German armies will yet again be terribly felt in France and in Poland. We may be sure that the German war staff will be ready as soon as we for the next attack. The Germans have to wipe out Neuve Chapelle and to retrieve Przemysł. They will spare neither labour in the shops nor life in the field to that end. These two heartening events assure us that we can meet them in absolute confidence that the victory will at last remain with the Allies. But our people must clearly understand that not Neuve Chapelle, nor Przemysł, nor, indeed, anything that has happened so far in the war must tempt us to imagine that victory can be easily purchased. For these next months Great Britain has to be the workshop of the Allied armies. Our warning of last week is not in the least weakened by the success of our ally at Przemysł. Every man who neither works nor fights for his country, but continues to work and fight for himself imperils the final victory. The success at Neuve Chapelle and the fall of Przemysł—these are victory's pledge to the Allies that their task is not beyond the military strength of their armies if these armies are given confidence to strike. For this confidence there are two necessary things. The first is that the armies shall be enabled to go forward with the ability to draw continually upon reserves of men. The second is that the armies shall be abundantly fed with munitions of war. To meet these needs is the task of our people. The reward of its complete performance is final victory crushing and complete.

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO THE WAR.

III.—WOMEN IN WAR TIME.

WHEN the war broke out a large number of women at once lost their employment, and a large number who had never had any employment decided they must do something for their country. The impulse was patriotic, but not all the effects were fortunate. Nothing could be more fitting or more appealing than the enthusiasm of the women who offered themselves as nurses. But they rather forgot that nursing, particularly surgical nursing, is a skilled profession that requires training. They were a little disillusioned by the reluctance of the War Office, which, being overwhelmed with applications from thousands who knew nothing about the work, was not disposed to see its own trained nurses swamped by the untrained. It was evident that the story of the South African War was not to be repeated. Nursing classes were arranged, so that the rudiments of the work could be imparted; and some of this work was more disagreeable than many of the learners expected. Some of them understood at the finish that more than the mere presence of the nurse in the sick room was necessary to cure. The really able and devoted even realised that the amateur nurse had to take a fair share of the rough work with the professional. The slackers, the inefficient, and the over-dainty, on the other hand, were so discouraged that they threw up indoor work as too repulsive and arduous and devoted themselves henceforth to driving wounded soldiers round the Park in motors—a policy of combining fresh air with publicity which had much to commend it. This was all to the advantage of the soldiers. Only the really useful nurses remained at their posts. Common sense has triumphed, though it was not always conspicuous in the earlier days.

Common sense, too, has had to wait for its opportunity with those who devoted themselves to the knitting-needle. England, in September last, was a vast knitting machine, ceaselessly knitting socks—sometimes with heels, sometimes without. The signs were everywhere, at the seaside, in hotel lounges, in country houses, in dining-cars. A controversy was even started by the more enthusiastic on the propriety of knitting socks in church, and the clergy who protested were denounced as bad patriots. Several soldiers are known to have made their beds at the Front entirely out of the socks sent to them by their friends and admirers. Other soldiers wondered that a woman has such vague ideas as to the size of a man's feet. The pace was too quick to last. Knitting was at its height in September, by October there were symptoms of decline, and in December it collapsed.

Meantime the Government now announces its intention of "mobilising women". The idea appeals to us at the first blush. But can it be done? Experience says that you cannot mobilise women. Any trade union leader will tell you that. They are the true individualists, and they do not well endure a discipline. If any member of the Cabinet had ever attended a women's committee meeting, with its fussiness, its pettiness, its quite extraordinary faculty for thinking itself businesslike and getting nothing whatever done, he would not have talked of mobilising women without qualifying warnings and exhortations. But there is hope in the idea; and we welcome it, provided it is not too ambitiously organised or pushed to extremes as an idea. In many practical and expedient ways women can and are at this time helping the country. The withdrawal of men from industry leaves the road free for women to do some of men's work. Some of them have taken advantage of the opportunity; one hears of women clerks in lawyers' offices, even in the banks. Women, too, are being employed in factories where munitions of war are made, and the thousands of dressmakers who were thrown out of work last August have found employment in clothiers' works.

But it should be clearly realised that women have

to be trained to their work, and until they are trained they are of little use to the employer or the State. Amateur enthusiasm is worse than useless if it will not consent to be trained and directed. And that is one of the questions that women will have to face in the more leisureed days after the war. If they are to take a larger part in industrial life, as some ambitious women hope, they must be prepared to train for their work. If they are to receive the same payment as men they must do the same work as men, and do it as well—which they cannot do without adequate training. If, as before, they are merely content with industrial life as a temporary and usually unsatisfactory alternative to marriage, they will continue to receive lower pay than men for less valuable work—and they will in effect be substitutes for men. There are certain proverbial characteristics about the substitute. It is occasionally useful, but it is always cheap and it is frequently unsatisfactory.

The common sense of the matter can be very briefly put. Where women are ready and free to train for skilled and useful work let them do so. But let us be on our guard against all vagueness and fuss. All honour to the women who have done and are doing able and devoted work as nurses, organisers and dispensers of relief; and all credit to those who can be invited to fill competently the gaps in our industrial ranks. But we must not imagine that those women are in any way to be censured who, finding they are not fitted for these things, have decided to stay quietly at home and to give their energies to house and family. Enthusiasm without ability and training merely gets in the way. War, as every day we are learning to our cost, is a skilled business down to the smallest detail.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 34) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"There can be little question that the spirit of the infantry depends greatly on the staunchness of the artillery."

THUS wrote the author and able exponent of the science of war, the late Colonel G. R. Henderson. Had he survived to witness the practical usage of fire co-operation of gun and rifle which the present war has demonstrated he would have had much cause for rejoicing. That great soldier writer and able strategist, whose loss our Army still deplores, could hardly, however, in all his wisdom and foresight, have contemplated the picture which modern armies are fain to present upon the surface ground of a theatre of war. He scarce could have realised the imposition of immobility which modern weapons have placed upon armies trained and organised in a period of peace to move with the utmost celerity. He never could have anticipated a military situation where millions of men, with long-ranging rapid-firing weapons to hand, are perforce driven to face each other at a bare distance of 100 yards apart sheltered by what protection Mother Earth and the scientific use of her can afford.

Guns, and big guns, shells, and big shells, working with the assistance of the active eye of the airman and the keen senses of the observer miles away at the end of a telephone wire, have transfigured the battlefield. Science has decreed that for the present artillery must primarily dominate the situation on a battleground until by its overpower it can free the infantry, "the soul of the attack", and permit it to be launched upon its task.

Voltaire has bequeathed to the peace-man a word of advice. "The best thing to do on earth is to cultivate it." Mars has suggested to the war-man that the best thing he can do on earth is to get into it. Pick and shovel are the best friends of both. A long life underground, however, is hardly one that tends to elevate the spirit. Trench life may be the nursery of fortitude and moral courage, but, carried to extreme, it cannot fail to warp the fibres of physical courage among the

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best of us. A state of trench impasse cannot be indefinite. A way has to be seen and digested as to how to get out of it, and we are thankful that the attempt made on 10-13 March has shown at least one method which promises success.

War is the best school for war. We may be certain that in devising the method attempted on this occasion every item based upon the latest experience and from lessons dearly bought was carefully weighed before undertaking the venture of an initiative.

It would be well to analyse the difficulties and obstacles that present themselves to the mind of the leader and his staff upon whom is imposed the task of the transition of his force from the defensive to the offensive. His first aim must be the tactical objective, which for the general purpose of fulfilling the commands of his superior is allotted to him, and from this he must never remove his gaze. Between that goal in modern war as presented in the western theatre the first obstacle to surmount lies but 30 yards in front of his advanced trenches. A wire entanglement of more or less devilish design, either of his own or his enemy's creation, and more likely than not two, the work of both, blocks the way. Successive lines of deep, narrow trenches, with facilities for frontal, flanking, and enfilade fire, held by hostile infantry, with communication trenches to the rear holding strong supports all dug deeply in, with innumerable secret hidden posts holding deadly machine guns, form the first system of fire defence which has to be surmounted. In rear of this first defensive line, which probably has a depth of three hundred yards or more, as governed by the natural features of the terrain, are posted reserves ready to reinforce or shelters prepared for troops for counter attacks should necessity require, and in rear, in successive positions well hidden from view of airman or observer, are guns of all natures dug in to fulfil the task of defence or offence, as may be required. We have learned too well the nature of these latter weapons, from the hand grenade and trench mortar up in the firing line to the field gun for more immediate support against the attacker, then the light and heavy howitzer to render trench life unbearable to the enemy; and behind all the powerful heavy long-range gun of 9 in. or 10 in. calibre to deal its death blows at excessive ranges and make life in farm or village impossible.

The success of the employment of all such artillery material is dependent upon accurate observation and correction of its fire. In the British service the aim of artillery is to hit, and as little as possible is left to chance hits. We have come to realise that with the facilities for rapid fire which science has enabled modern weapons to enjoy, effect is better produced by a control which is governed by deliberation and accuracy, and further to recognise that that most important difficulty, the supply of ammunition in the field, is thereby considerably surmounted. When opportunity is afforded to deal sudden and overwhelming deathblows, needless to say, the good chance is not wasted, and a drenching stream of fire is vomited from the guns. The reports of a good observer, posted and dug in as near to the target as safety permits, who at the end of a telephone signals or reports to the fire commander the results of the trial shots of his guns, really governs the fire effect of artillery. His voice at the receiver enables fire to be switched off or on or here or there as a fleeting target presents itself, or as opportunity affords to fire with safety over the heads of the infantry attackers on his side until the last moment of safety. If any fixed target, such as a line of trenches, gun pits, farms, defensive posts, have been located in a hostile line, it is well to remember that technical appliances of a simple nature permit guns to work destruction by day or night, in fog or fine, at all times if desirable; but, on the other hand, the enemy may temporarily vacate these positions, and a waste of ammunition is the only result. The reader can, perhaps, now thoroughly realise how deliberate should be the procedure to be followed by a leader who is called upon to order his troops to leave their trenches and carry through an assault and an advance up to the point decided upon. Every item in the power of defence of his enemy has to be dealt with. Upon

the accuracy of the reconnaissance report of his airmen much will depend. Dry weather and clear air are great allies to these intrepid scouts. A gun fired on a dry soil platform will disclose by the dust raised by the shock of discharge a secret to the airman which he may have been trying to unfathom for days and weeks.

It may be interesting to follow step by step the probable mode of conducting an operation such as was given to the leader whose duty was to open the initiative taken on 10 March last.

He would call together his subordinates, explain his proposed plan, the day and hour of operation, and allot to each his task and arrange for every conceivable eventuality, in view of success, check or repulse. He would impress upon all the study of secrecy in preparation and the absolute necessity of the value of surprise to the enemy. It would be as well to deal at first with the proposed artillery preparation. To attempt to break down the wire entanglements by hand or trench bomb would be to sacrifice the element of surprise, together with many lives. By careful forethought this task can be allotted to artillery, but only if they can be brought up close enough to permit of taking full advantage of the great velocity which their shells possess in the initial stages of their trajectory. A most accurate and destructive fire at almost point blank close ranges lasting for *not more than ten minutes* would be necessary for the purpose to ensure surprise. The siting of the guns for this duty unobserved by the hostile airman reconnoitring presents immense difficulty. By dribbling guns days beforehand into positions previously prepared for them under cover of night this can be achieved, and once there they must be fixed upon sound platforms and well anchored, so that on firing at the most rapid rate obtainable they will require the minimum of relaying and become to all intents and purposes an automatic machine. The accuracy of fire can only be acquired by previous careful, slow, deliberate ranging, so slow that the purport of the shooting be not advertised. To each artillery brigade commander would, of course, be allotted a definite length of target which it was his duty to sweep away.

In rear of the field guns, at distances suited to their respective ranges, would be posted the batteries of light and heavy howitzers, and again, further in rear or on flank, the powerful long-range gun of position. To each artillery brigade commander would be allotted a definite purpose, either to drench the hostile guns with fire or else the enemy trenches in the support or reserve line, and thus to forestall any movement therefrom to reinforce or counter-attack. It would be the business of the heavy guns to engage the hostile artillery of a similar nature and keep them quiet.

It requires rare cunning on the part of the gunners to dispose of their weapons in positions from which they can simultaneously open an accurate fire upon the various objectives given to them. Preliminary ranging on the targets would be a necessity to ensure accuracy, which task would require independent action and very deliberate method so as to deceive an enemy from the main purpose intended. It stands to reason that ranging cannot be carried out successfully if the air is blurred with screaming shells. Artillery preparation would therefore be a matter for days of patient labour.

No pen can fully describe the hell that was let loose at 7.30 a.m. on the morning of 10 March, when from some hundreds of guns and howitzers of all natures, working on a front of some four miles, a burst of fire was sprung upon the brave defenders of Neuve Chapelle. There were guns in rows, in tiers, on flanks, wherever a place or footing could be found, wherever shelter from the keen eye of the airman was offered. Added to the din would be the burst of the bomb flung from the flying craft on tactical points in rear of the hostile lines.

A blast from the whistle of the commander of the guns, whose first duty would be to break down the wire entanglement obstacles, and with that splendid fire discipline which is the soul of our incomparable field artillery, fire would cease from the field guns as suddenly as it had begun. We can imagine the energy

the gunners put into their work in the short ten minutes or so allotted to them to clear the way for their comrade infantry. Maybe some fifty rounds or more were expended by some hundred guns in that brief space of time on the task. The surprise to be complete must be effective. There would be nothing left of an obstacle between the opposing trenches, and the spirit of the infantry straining at the leash carries them forward upon their dread task. The hell, however, still burns ahead, stirred by the never-ending explosions from shells, heavy and light, from the howitzers and long-range guns engaging the objectives allotted to them. Hostile supports and reserves must be held to their trenches by our gun fire. Every conceivable attempt must be made by our gunners to lighten the task set to the assaulting infantry. Not completely is resistance overcome by shell fire, for here and there the dread machine gun is raised from its hiding-place and brought into play to deal terrible havoc. These are the terrors of this war, which in the hands of but two skilful and brave men can take such heavy toll in hundreds.

We have learnt too well in this siege warfare that local successes are not combats of a single day's duration. We have realised that each side begrudges an inch taken by the other, and that sooner or later a counter-stroke is impending and must be anticipated. It is here that organisation of field armies comes in, and we should do well to take a leaf from the book of our enemy. Special men with special means for a purpose, called pioneer battalions, form part of the divisional troops in the German Army, and to them is allotted the duty of "making good" a position once captured from an enemy. We have splendid material in our new armies for this duty. As was to be expected, on the mornings of 11 and 12 March a powerful counter-attack on Neuve Chapelle had to be met. The bright clear day of the 10th was succeeded by two days of heavy fog. The airman reconnoitring was helpless on the 11th and 12th, and the German artillery used the opportunity of heavily bombarding the captured position by means of gun laying by the map. Our attack apparently was brought up short of its objective, and the dense masses of our men awaiting on a narrow frontage the impending counter-blow must have suffered terribly. The action at Neuve Chapelle is but a feeble echo of the many similar attempts at the offensive which our Allies have undertaken in the long line of steel that they hold from La Bassée to the frontiers of neutral Switzerland. We are too apt to overlook the results of the efforts which brief communiqués chronicle from Noyon, Arras, Soissons, Perthes, the Argonne and others. These weekly engagements, usually crowned with success, report gains of but few metres. But they mean heavy punishment upon an enemy already beginning to show a weakening in his ranks. They impose upon the foe a constant strain in his administration to move forwards and backwards huge numbers to meet a prospective blow that is aimed to burst asunder the defensive line that they have been at pains to build up. They impose upon the enemy stupendous losses in the shatter tactics he employs in his attempts to regain lost positions. Ere long the Allies will discover the line of least resistance, and the offensive will be launched in earnest. The layman will gaze at the map which depicts the small terrain wrested from the enemy at Neuve Chapelle on 10 March and look at the long list of casualties that tell him the price we paid for it in blood. He will ask, was it worth the loss of some 700 officers and 12,000 men. Assuredly it was, for no army can hope to conquer without buying its experience in war. We are not up against a foe which contemplates defeat as long as it can find men in numbers. We are now faced with the great German machine which works for one sole purpose—death. Where, indeed, should we have found ourselves in this present struggle if we had not had the good fortune of gaining an insight into war twelve years ago and found out the thousand and one failings which long years of peace invariably beget in a nation, its armies and its rulers? One shudders at the bare thought of contemplating an

answer to this question. With all the forethought that was given by the leader and his staff to the procedure that was to promise success at Neuve Chapelle we may be sure that the lesson was more than worth the price paid for it. A faulty signal, a lost opportunity, a hostile machine gun or two undiscovered, a breakdown in communications here and there; clouds or fog, some small unforeseen hitch, may throw out of gear a combined operation and produce an effect that was not anticipated. We must improve as we move, and movements are not undertaken free of cost. "Munitions, more munitions, always more munitions" is the cry of our Field-Marshal, and with them we may be assured that the spirit of our infantry will not look in vain for the staunchness of our artillery. Men and more men must equally be the cry. If in disputing for a bare four square miles of territory the German loses 18,000 men to our 12,000 we can count the cost to both sides of the blood feud which is to carry us over the frontiers of the foe. Let there be no mistake. Our nation has learnt from Neuve Chapelle the same lesson presented to our Ally by the many sanguinary combats along his immeasurably longer line of trench. We, like them, have at last learnt how to attack trenches. The measure of success will be gauged by the soul of the people. It becomes a question of attrition. Victory will crown the arms of the nation that wears best and holds the tightest.

THE EASTERN THEATRE.

The capitulation of the great Galician fortress of Przemysl which, like Lemburg, was the headquarters of an Austro-Hungarian Army Corps, forms a distinctive episode in this historic war. Invested for six months, it has fallen a victim to the ravages of starvation and its fellow-worker, disease. The story of its defence and the story of its investment will be left to the future historian, but the military importance and political significance of its fall will be of immediate consideration. The powerful defences forbade direct assault, although behind the works stood a Honved or Militia type of army. Inferior soldiery, although they may serve for a time to beat off attacks when necessity demands, yet become a distinct source of concern to the governor or commander of a beleaguered fortress. Their sympathies are apt to lie more with the civil aspect of the situation than with the military, and they are apt to decline to fight. They join with the civil element in pressing for surrender as a relief to their sufferings. Had a stiffening of German troops been thrown into the defence a longer resistance might well have been put up. General Kusmanek in Przemysl, like Bazaine in Metz and Stosse in Port Arthur, had to decide the weighty question between a slow death by starvation of the men in their garrisons or the return in after days of thousands of men to their country and their countrymen. It is a gravely responsible situation for a commander to decide for himself. He sees his men daily becoming enfeebled by want of sufficient nourishment and gradually getting unfitted to perform even the ordinary military duties. He is wise if he can make his calculations to an hour as to what lengths he can hold out and inform the commander of a prospective relieving force that the situation remains in his hands, for after that hour co-operation from within is an impossibility.

That the German Staff attached immense importance to the retention of Przemysl is evidenced by the stupendous efforts that have been made since the beginning of the year to relieve it. That equal importance was attached to its capture by the Grand Duke is shown by the staunch methods taken and sacrifices endured in maintaining the investment. Standing as it did on the main route to Cracow, the fall of Przemysl opens a road which leads direct to the objective so long the ambition of the commander of the army of our Ally in the south, and with the coming spring we may look forward to a serious invasion of Hungary.

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MIDDLE ARTICLES.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY: I.—IN THE TEMPLE.*

EDITED BY SIR J. G. FRAZER.

THE last time Sir Roger de Coverley was at the club the talk fell, I know not how, on music. "Who is this Handel", he asked, "of whom everybody is speaking? They say he plays divinely on the organ. I should like to hear him." "There is nothing easier", replied the Templar; "he is to play the organ at the evening service in the Temple Church to-morrow. Will you come? I cannot myself stay for the service, but I will see that you get a good seat." To this proposal Sir Roger readily assented, and as I lost no opportunity of being with the good old man whenever he was in town, I begged to be allowed to join him. So it was agreed that we should meet on the morrow in the Templar's chambers a little before the hour of service, and that he should conduct us to the church and leave us there. We met next day accordingly. I never saw Sir Roger in better health and spirits. He talked gaily, and we fell in with his cheerful mood. We even ventured to rally him on the widow, and he took it in very good part. "Well, well", he said, "I sometimes think she will have me after all. But I begin to grow an old fellow—an old fellow." We stoutly denied the imputation, and insisted that on the contrary he grew younger every day. Having dissipated the slight shade of melancholy which dimmed for a moment the habitual serenity of our friend, we sallied forth with him to stroll for a little in the garden before repairing to the church.

How well I remember it all now, though years have come and gone since then! It was a calm bright day in September, but already a few yellow leaves were drifting silently to the ground. In the court on which we issued doves were fluttering and cooing, and a fountain was flashing in the dappled shade of some ancient elms. Descending a broad flight of stone steps, we entered the garden. The beds were still gay with the rich hues of autumn, Michaelmas daisies and marigolds vying with the statelier sunflowers and hollyhocks. When we had admired them, "Come", said the Templar, "I will show you *rosa quo locorum sera moretur*". He led the way into a little thicket, where sure enough was a rose tree with some red roses still blowing fresh and sweet among the leaves. "They say, you know", he reminded us, "that in this very garden the Princes of York and Lancaster plucked the white and red roses that were to be the badges of their rival houses, and that gave their name to the Wars of the Roses". "Aye, aye", said Sir Roger, "and the red rose was the fitter emblem of the two; for they say that your white rose will never bloom on ground where blood has been spilt. You may plant a white rose tree on a battlefield, but next summer all the roses on it will blow red".

When we seemed to doubt the truth of this axiom in natural history, Sir Roger earnestly assured us that it was so. "Why, to prove it", says he, "my friend Sir Richard Devereux, of the Life Guards, was with his regiment at the bloody battle of Landen, and next year, when he chanced to pass by

*A few weeks ago I paid a second visit to Coverley Hall, in Worcestershire, and in the course of a renewed search among the papers of the Spectator Club, which are preserved there, I came upon a manuscript which I here print for the first time. The handwriting is neither Addison's nor Steele's, but agrees closely with that of the fragment on Will Honeycomb in the country which I found in the same place and published in the preface to my recent edition of Addison's "Essays". I conjecture that both manuscripts were sent by the writer for insertion in the "Spectator", and that they were either rejected by the editor or kept by him on the chance of some day filling a gap when he might have nothing better at hand for the entertainment of his readers. The style of the present piece, so far as I can judge, is somewhat more careful and finished, or rather, I should say, less rough and unpolished, than that of the other, and the tone is graver. I print it just as it came into my hands, without corrections or alterations of any kind.—J. G. F..

the place, the whole battlefield was nothing but a great sheet of red poppies. He never saw such a blaze of scarlet in his life, not even at a review in Hyde Park."

"And then the crimson wall-flower", said the Templar, willing to chime in with the old man's fancy, "everybody knows that it is called Bloody Warriors because it grows on fields of blood". "To be sure, to be sure", rejoined Sir Roger, "in my country it blooms nowhere so well as on the battlefield of Tewkesbury. Many and many a time have I seen it there on a summer's day as I have been riding past. That's the truth. But as for what the poet Herrick says about red roses, I never could believe it." "Why, what does he say about them?" we both asked, curious to elicit the knight's opinion on a point of poetry. "Well, I am not sure that I remember the verses", he replied, "though I used to sing them when I was a young man. I learned them from my mother, when she walked with me in the rose garden, and I once sang them there", he added, dropping his voice and looking grave, "to her". We knew whom he meant by *her*, and did not press him further. A vision of the rose garden at Coverley Hall, and a summer twilight, and Sir Roger pacing there with the widow, rose before my mind, and I remained silent. Rousing himself from a reverie into which he had fallen, Sir Roger went on, "Let me see, let me see"—

"Roses at first were white"—

Oh, yes, I remember them now". And he recited in lilting tones and a high cracked voice—I think I can hear him now and see him as he stood, with the sunshine on his face, smiling and beating time with his hand:

"Roses at first were white,
Till they could not agree
Whether my Sappho's breast
Or they more white should be.

"But being vanquished quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread;
Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red."

When he had done, the Templar pulled some of the red roses and offered them to Sir Roger, who stuck them in his hat, saying: "If you will give me a slip of that rose-bush I will plant it in the garden at Coverley, and next summer you shall come and gather the roses. Aye, and I will show you the Bloody Warriors on the field of Tewkesbury too. You will believe me then. I know you gentlemen of the law are hard to persuade. But you shall see for yourself, you shall see for yourself."

In such discourse we whiled away an idle half hour till the failing light reminded us that the time of service was at hand. So we quitted the garden and made our way through the darkening courts to the church. In the trees overhead the starlings were settling to roost with a clamorous chattering, which, Sir Roger told us, was their even-song of praise. Passing through the church porch we entered the oldest part of the ancient edifice, the original round church of the Templars, where the warrior knights lie under their stone effigies on the pavement. Sir Roger and I were putting some questions in a whisper to our friend the Templar concerning these quaint figures, lying there so still after all these ages with their upturned faces and clasped swords, when the organ began to play. So soft and sweet and solemn were the notes that the words died away on our lips, and we followed our friend as he beckoned us forward into the inner part of the church. There he ushered us into a stall beside a pillar and left us. The twilight was now deepening into night, the hour of all the day best fitted to compose the mind to serious thought and the offices of religion. The candles were already lit in the church, but even without their glimmering flames we could still dimly discern the interlacing arches of the vaulted roof, the rows of tall clustered columns, and between them the saints and prophets on the

windows, showing in faint splendour of purple and crimson and blue against the dying light of day. The service of our English Church, beautiful at all times, seemed to me doubly beautiful in these surroundings. Above all, the ravishing sweetness of the music was such as I had never heard before. The voices of the choir blent in a sort of seraphic harmony with the deep long-drawn notes of the organ, now pealing out in a storm of triumphant exultation and joy, now dying away, as it seemed, into depths of ineffable distance. It was such music as souls in bliss might make around the throne for ever. Our hearts melted within us, and, conscious of my own unworthiness, I felt like a lost spirit at the gate of Paradise listening to the angels' song.

When the service was over we knelt for a few moments side by side, while the solemn strains of the organ, touched by a master's hand, still rolled through the dimly lighted church. As my friend remained somewhat longer than usual at his devotions I stole a look at him, and seeing him with his silvery hair, his clasped hands, and a look as of rapture on his venerable face, I could not but fancy myself kneeling beside a saint in heaven. We rose solemnized by the scene and by the beautiful service to which we had just listened. When we passed out of the porch it was night and the moon had risen, making, with the dark outlines of the church, its still lighted windows, and the painted saints glowing on the panes, a picture which long dwelt in my memory. We walked together in silence to Fleet Street. As he was about to leave me, "Do you know", he said, "I have a fancy that when you and I part for the last time, I should wish it to be just thus". I was too moved to reply, and could only shake him silently by the hand. He lifted his hat, with the red roses still in it, and walked away. I do not know how it was; perhaps his words had struck a note of foreboding in my mind, but a sense of uneasiness and sadness came over me, and I noticed with a sort of apprehension that the roses in his hat had drooped and lost some of their petals. I stood bareheaded watching him till he disappeared in the shadows. I never saw him again. It was my last parting with Sir Roger. But I humbly trust that we may meet again in a world beyond the shadows, where roses never fade and friends shall part no more.

POLITICAL NOVELISTS AND THEIR NEW HUMANITY.

BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

AS soon as the long-threatened war broke out some very popular novelists began to write for Radical newspapers, not as patriots only, but as prophets fit to hold authority over a misgoverned world. With much skill they have carried into politics their ardent fiction, and have dallied with a new humanity improvised by their charitable imagination. Have you studied this achievement? What they wish to believe, or yearn to welcome, is truth to them; what their sensitive feelings either dislike or fear is a thing to be hurried out of existence. In their minds three aims play at make-believe. One will give a new and rapid soul to the tedious processes of evolution; another will remodel every old civilisation; and the third hopes to sway public opinion during a spiritual reaction to be produced everywhere by the sorrows of war. There is no end to the healing victories that these novel authors intend to win for mankind. Yet they are not entirely supergood and otherworldly. As a rule, in fact, busy idealists are very astute, very expert in the market strategy of a business; and I admire very much the skill with which our fictionist reformers pander to current frailties. They doubt the wisdom of cool reason and unite their creed to all those too modern habits of mind that rush away from thought into picture palaces and kinema theatres, into excessive golf and arena football, into sentimental crusades

and into cheap gambling. For this reason, and no other, their influence has political dangers of its own which level-headed men ought to counteract as soon as possible.

Note also that the novelists are of two sorts, a major party led by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett, and a minor party of occasional free-lances, among whom Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has appeared. The minor party is one of skirmishers and sentinels and recruiting agents. It fills into action any trait of the national character that will aid the general campaign. For example, pacifists wish to run counter to the principle that national defence ought to be natural to patriotic men. A sound principle is not easy to defeat, so pacifism has to keep in touch with those zealots who decline on principle to serve their native land in a war, though they thrive under a security won and retained for them by armed force. Thus Mr. Silas K. Hocking writes as follows in the "Westminster Gazette":—

"I would like to associate myself with every word that Mr. Jerome has written on the evils of conscription, but there is one aspect of the question to which as yet I have seen no reference. I refer to its relation to the human conscience. There is in this country a large body of Quakers, who object to all war on principle [the writer means, "who object on principle to all war"], and, besides these, there are scattered throughout the Churches tens of thousands of men who—rightly or wrongly—adopt the same principle, and who believe that to kill your neighbour in any cause whatsoever is contrary to the spirit and genius of the religion they profess. . . . What would happen if conscription were adopted in England? Are we prepared to see inaugurated a new era of religious persecution? For that would follow as surely as night follows the day."

Are we to regard Mr. Hocking as a hermit of ignorant suspicion? Does he really believe that any British Parliament either could or would hark back to religious persecution? The folly of turning zealots into martyrs was cured long ago in England by the wisdom of English tolerance. Those who receive and enjoy the benefits of successful war, yet scorn and detest their benefactor, would be exempted from national military service. At this moment they ought to emigrate from England to some better country, since their conscience has no moral right to be what it is, a pensioner to the British Army and Navy; but, for all that, it is a free conscience in a tolerant land, and ever will be free there, until at last it is liberated by thought from a very false position.

Mr. Hocking says of the Quakers: They "believe that to kill your neighbour in any cause whatsoever is contrary to the spirit and genius of the religion they profess." Does Mr. Hocking fail to see that this sentence banishes the Quakers from the whole of our civilisation, since every trade and every profession take a toll of life from citizens? Year after year many a business—seafaring, for example—claims a percentage of life as high as that which many a battle reaps. Mr. Hocking should meditate on such common social details as the annual records of fatal accidents in Europe. Once a Quaker spoke to me about his impressions of the Suez Canal. "Yes, marvellous engineering!" he cried. "No doubt", I answered; "but did you find any monument to the scores and scores of workmen who gave their lives to the marvellous engineering? The Suez Canal was a campaign, not such a bad one as the canal that Necho II. tried to cut either in or near the same place, for Herodotus mentions a loss of 100,000 workmen in a year. Still, the Suez Canal bought victory in the usual way; its victims were numerous. And I wish some Quaker—yourself, for instance—would write a book on the incessant wars waged by peace."

There will be little good sense in politics until such a book is written—and then stereotyped in the public mind. Nearly all the nonsense in the political dreams of novelists arises from the silly belief that social reform begins with violent attacks on military war,

and not with gradual improvements in all the harmful strife of civil and industrial enterprise. The word Peace does more than any other bad influence to obliterate common sense from Party contests. Unionists, Radicals, Socialists, all alike use the word Peace as a pious incantation to conjure away the evils of military war alone, as if the loss of a "Titanic" were a necessary sacrifice to the beneficence of Peace, while the loss of a ship in war justified the outcries of pacifism. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his very popular booklet "The War that will End War", shivers over the stench of battlefields (p. 12); but is it worse than the reek of hereditary slums, or worse than the pitiless industrialism that breeds tragedy in thousands of jerry-built homes? Let Peace begin her work in civil life: there is no need for her to inspire delusions in the great mind of Mr. H. G. Wells, who dares to write as follows about the present crisis:—

"It is a grim satisfaction in our discomforts that we can at last look across the roar and torment of battlefields to the possibility of an organised peace. [As if the roar and torment of industrialism never came to us from fierce strife!] For this is now a war for peace. It aims straight at disarmament. [As if men were peaceful when they fought without armaments—with mere sticks and stones!] It aims at a settlement that shall stop this sort of thing for ever. [As if the compulsory ending of scientific war would be a guarantee that primitive fighting would never be revived!] Every soldier who fights against Germany now is a crusader against war. This, the greatest of all wars, is not just another war—it is the last war!"

A generous invitation to the settlement—"the final readjustment"—is offered to all nations by Mr. Wells; "and in particular to the United States do we look to play a part in that pacification of the world for which our whole nation is working, and for which, by the thousand, men are now laying down their lives." The prophetic Mr. Wells has the greatest possible faith in "the sword of peace", so he has not estranged himself altogether from the militancy which, in a good many books, has achieved fame for him. In fact, his "War that will End War" is another "War in the Air". Already Mr. Wells draws near to the patriotic good sense of Tariff Reform, which for long he rejected scornfully; and already he must have learnt from the United States that international trade and the pressure of national self-interest may become at any moment perilous things in diplomacy. And he ought to know, as we know, that the British nation fights, not for a dream about everlasting peace, but for her existence. The inborn fighting gifts of mankind, inherited through a million years, and more active to-day than they have ever been, do no more than toy with a policy of pacific dreams, just as soldiers in the trenches munch chocolate while shells explode. Besides, as man suffers from the same physical evils as the lower animals, what right has he to expect an immunity from other evils that spring from the struggle for life, not in social efforts only, but between communities?

If Mr. Wells has failed to see that our people have improved very much under the strain of war, then he has lost touch with the meaning of current events. And let us remember that his favourite doctrines have been tested and rejected several times by mankind's experience. His views on disarmament, including his wild ideas about neutralised seas patrolled by a cosmopolitan navy, subject to a thousand and one intrigues, are nothing but a modern version of the *Pax Romana* that a military despotism enforced on Roman colonies—with what results? Are we to forget how the more civilised Britons were emasculated? "Rome had indeed defended them from themselves, from each other, and from foreign enemies", says Augustus Jessopp; "but it had been at the expense of the people's manliness and self-reliance. Think what would happen to any people on earth, twenty successive generations of which had been sternly forbidden to bear arms in their own defence!" And yet it is precisely this evil that Mr. Wells and his disciples want to see imposed on all nations, not for twenty generations, but for ever!

In his "organised peace" every land would be dominated by a fear of concerted bullying from all the other countries. No race would be allowed either to fight for honour or to be natural in growth and expansion. Would the fighting gifts be subdued by this tyranny, or would they triumph over oppression by uniting bullied states into offensive alliances? Why accept perpetual despotism in exchange for infrequent great wars, with freedom for all ideals?

As for disarmament, nations could fight as terribly with pokers as with the most expensive weapons in our scientific war. What Mr. Wells has in his mind is this: That every shilling saved by a country on life insurance is a shilling for Socialists to employ in their experiments. His policy is one of thrift for the benefit of political地震者: and with profuse sentimentalities about peace and goodwill he tries to recommend this policy to those of us who believe in evolutionary reform and not in social upheavals.

CONDUCTING AND SOME CONDUCTORS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IT may appear absurdly platitudinous to remark that the function of an orchestral conductor is to direct the orchestra; yet this simple truth has escaped the observation of two classes of people. There are those who regard him as a conventional ornament, a superfluity, even an evil. Probably some municipal councillors would like to cut down the expenses of their town band—by discarding him altogether. There are those (but they are never municipal councillors) who worship him as an idol, a demi-god, of far greater importance than the orchestra. He is not necessarily anything of the sort; he is an artist, like a pianist or a violinist. Although he plays on an immensely larger instrument, he is no greater than Bauer or Ysaye. A pianist or a fiddler might fairly claim to rank higher than a conductor. The piano and fiddle rest dumb, unuseful instruments in their absence; some orchestras can play in quite a satisfactory way without anyone to beat time for them. I believe the London Symphony Orchestra would play more finely unaided than they do sometimes when they are hindered by an incompetent man. A year ago we should have been told that Richter, Weingartner and Strauss were indispensable; now we know they are not. I believe that dozens of our young musicians could do the thing quite well if they were given the chance; and there is not the slightest need to go hunting abroad for a foreign celebrity to set up as a fetish. I do not suggest that the English can immediately produce a crop of extraordinary conductors; I do suggest that at the present time our own men should be given the chance. We have pianists, violinists, singers; but it is commonly taken as a thing that goes without saying that we cannot have conductors of our own. If Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Beecham are mentioned we are told they are exceptions. It is taken as a matter of course that a festival of British music should be conducted by a foreigner. Mr. Mlynarski is undoubtedly a competent musician; but he is by no means one of the supreme men; and I see no good reason why he should be selected to direct the festival which is to take place in May. Of course Mr. Beecham is to collaborate with him, but that is not enough. I have no desire to carp at Mr. Mlynarski; I admit his ability. But surely we ought to be able to manage our own festivals?

The London Symphony Orchestra is, of course, wedded to the notion that a conductor to be good must be an alien. Sir Edward Elgar has directed it on occasion, as has Mr. Beecham; but as a rule it prefers the foreigner. Its choice is not always lucky. Last Monday, for example, we had Mr. Safonoff, and the programme was one of the most formidable ever offered in London. It consisted of three symphonies—one by Haydn, Beethoven's number four, and Schumann's third. The Haydn I did not fear. The Beethoven was chiefly remarkable for its lack of strength. The slow movement was sentimentalised, and the rollicking last

movement was curiously wanting in abandon; I would not have believed it could be made to sound so formal and academic. The mysterious beauty of the slow movement was lost in that sentimentalism which Mr. Safonoff is so fond of. But the most lamentable exhibition was the Schumann. It is at best an uninteresting work; it is monotonous in theme, harmony and orchestral colour; it requires colour and emotion to be infused into it; it needs energy. An orchestral virtuoso might make it serve for a *tour de force*, but the feat would be appreciated only by musicians, and then chiefly as a curiosity. What the audience in Queen's Hall thought of it in their hearts I cannot say, but, frankly, it bored me. Schumann never really learnt to write a symphony. I would rather have heard the Haydn. Haydn never tried to be profound; in fact, it often seems as though he was profound in spite of himself. But he became a great composer; and Schumann was always becoming and never quite got there. He was like what mathematicians, I believe, call an asymptote, always approaching the circle of perfection and never touching it. I speak, of course, of his efforts in the grand style. The beauty of the songs is undeniable—had he written nothing else we should have deplored the want of ambition that prevented him trying his hand at anything bigger. He did try his hand in the big manner and is a warning to us all not to be too ambitious. And the performance under Mr. Safonoff was also a warning to conductors not to attempt feats that require qualities of passion they do not possess. Is not Schumann's piano concerto his finest long work? The form precisely suited him, and he gave us the one perfectly satisfactory example of it. Beethoven's are symphonies with a piano part that is often superfluous; his matter seems always on the point of bursting the form.

Mr. Mlynarski is on the whole a more virile musician than Safonoff—which is not to say a very great deal—but he is terribly commonplace. Mr. Verbruggen gets a picturesque quality into his playing at times, but is sadly deficient in emotional intensity. He also wants breadth. In fact, breadth is the quality that few present-day conductors possess. They perpetually seek to be original; they fidget and worry the music; they think not of the composer, but themselves. One need not sigh for the good old days, for more fine conductors will come along in time; yet often when I am being teased and fretted by "new readings" I long for the serene and steady interpretations of Richter at his best. I fully believe that living conductors could do as well as the old if only they would; but this wretched fear of the commonplace and striving after originality drives them really to mutilate the masterpieces. Some of them almost succeed in making a Beethoven symphony, and even one of Haydn's, unrecognisable. Effects the composers never contemplated are thrust in regardless of fitness; unless a Haydn symphony is made to suggest Wagner or Richard Strauss the conductor appears to think he has not succeeded. Strauss himself is not free from this craze; and his finest playing comes off when, as in Mozart's G minor symphony, he forgets himself and devotes all his energy and skill to bringing out the beauty and feeling of the music. Weingartner often offends, too, and the one thing he plays magnificently is Beethoven's fifth symphony. Sir Henry Wood gets on my nerves when he begins distorting noble works, and Mr. Thomas Beecham has his disastrous moments. Some day, we may hope, all these men will return to simplicity and truth, and they will reap their reward. There is all the difference in the world between unaffected, forceful playing and the dull and lifeless playing of our academics; the academic is as intolerable as the most self-assertive of the younger men. Richter's directness and honest purpose often led him into stodginess, but even that was preferable to the new-fangled readings we are continually annoyed by in Queen's Hall. All this, I admit, must read like a long grumble, so let me qualify a little. Mr. Safonoff gets off some very fine effects at times: both Mlynarski and Verbruggen have vigour if no very high distinction; Sir Henry Wood and Mr. Beecham have often

been praised here and are splendidly efficient musicians. It is a sad thing that we have in London only two conductors of our own, but I think we should soon have at least a dozen if only the younger men had an opportunity of practising the art. We shall not get them so long as orchestras and festivals are left entirely to foreigners.

THE BRONTË POEMS.

THOSE among us who treasure comely and good editions in modern as well as old forms have often wished for a volume of the Brontë poems pleasant in the handling and chosen and produced with authority. At length we are to enjoy such a book. The publishers of the Brontës have just brought out a volume of selections from the poems of the three sisters and Branwell Brontë. The book will be discussed fully in the SATURDAY REVIEW later; meanwhile one may mention that it has all the best of the Brontë poems together with some hitherto unprinted; and that it reproduces some facsimile MSS. and the portraits of the sisters now at the National Portrait Gallery which were described in the REVIEW last year. It is edited by Mr. A. C. Benson.

It was in 1846 that the three sisters, with much trepidation and at their own cost, launched the little volume of "Poems by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell," with the imprint of Aylott and Jones. Although the "Athenaeum" gave it an encouraging review, the book had but a cold reception from the public. When sending a copy next year to Thomas de Quincey, "in acknowledgment of the pleasure and profit we have often and long derived from your works", Currer Bell wrote: "Our book is found to be a drug; no man needs it or heeds it. In the space of a year our publisher has disposed of but two copies, and by what painful efforts he succeeded in getting rid of those two himself only knows." A copy was sent with a similar letter to Alfred Tennyson. The appearance of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" in 1847, and of "Wildfell Hall" in 1848, aroused some interest in the poetry of the three sisters. In 1848 Smith, Elder bought from Aylott and Jones the remaining stock of the "Poems", adding a new title-page. In its original form—with the Aylott and Jones title-page and the errata slip—and published at 4s., very few copies had got into circulation; the volume is therefore very scarce and much sought after to-day. Mr. Reginald Smith is putting up for sale at Christie's Charlotte Brontë's own copy, with her autograph, and the sum it fetches is to go to the Red Cross. In 1911 £28 10s. was paid for a copy, and last year W. Hale White's copy, with his autograph, brought £39 in the sale-room. A copy of the same edition, but with the substituted title, may be had for 20s.—so much does a title-page count in the eyes of the bibliophil!

By the death of Mrs. A. B. Nicholls (the second wife of Charlotte Brontë's husband, the Rev. A. B. Nicholls), at the age of eighty-five, the last surviving link with the Brontës was severed lately. It was at Mrs. Nicholls's—then Miss Bell's—parents' home in Banagher that Charlotte Brontë spent a part of her honeymoon tour in Ireland. Mrs. Nicholls was always loyalty itself to the memory and the interests of the Brontë family, and it was due to her that the portraits of the sisters came into the hands of Mr. Reginald Smith and passed from him to the nation.

W. J. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRESENT METHODS OF RECRUITING.
To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Moor Park, Rickmansworth,

25 March 1915.

SIR,—I have received an invitation to attend a meeting in this neighbourhood, under the presidency of a local magnate for whom I have much regard, the object of which is defined as being "to further

recruiting for the Imperial Forces", and as I understand that many meetings of the same character are in contemplation, I should like to be permitted to state why they appear to me to be untimely and inexpedient. I am anxious, as everybody is, that the Imperial Forces should be recruited to the full extent of their requirements, but I have a strong conviction that the methods at present in operation are as inadequate as they are unfair, and that meetings which tend to perpetuate them merely frustrate the object which they have in view.

So long as such meetings are held and achieve a momentary success, the thoughts of the public are diverted from the ultimately inevitable conclusion that to crush the barbarous and brutal spirit which involves a standing menace to the freedom of its men, the honour of its women, and the lives of its children, this country will need service in the field from an immense proportion of its economically available fighting force, and the words "economically available" lie at the root of the matter.

The meeting to which I have referred is to be held in a district where the volunteering element has already been vigorously squeezed. That process has left behind it a residuum which is not to be reached by ordinary pressure, and exceptional pressure cannot now be promiscuously applied without grave risk of displacing material which had far better be left where it is. Evidence is not wanting that the absence of any methodical endeavour to distinguish between those elements of the population which should be placed in the field and others which should be retained for equally important service at home is damaging our cause, and the only tribunal with facts enough at its command to justify such discrimination and with authority enough to give effect to it is the Government. It is, however, no secret that His Majesty's present Ministers—with the exception of the Secretary for War, who is not a politician—are loth to exercise powers the existence of which nobody contests, because they think their political position might be damaged by taking upon themselves, instead of throwing upon the nation, the responsibility of decision in a matter upon which the nation has no means of arriving at sound conclusions. Hence it is not surprising that they should encourage the holding of meetings to stimulate recruiting upon existing lines, because they can point to such meetings as testimony to concurrence in their unwise and unpatriotic attitude.

Yours faithfully,

EBURY.

MINISTERIAL INEPTITUDE.

"We know now that the German Government had prepared for war as only people who plan can prepare." Sir Edward Grey at the Bechstein Hall, 23 March.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—How can one regard the above frank and ingenuous statement by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as anything but a complete confession of Ministerial ineptitude? In 1912—at a date not yet stated by Ministers, though there is some reason to believe it was before Lord Roberts's famous warning in that year—our Ministers went humbly hat in hand to Germany and offered her British neutrality then and in the future should a war of aggression ever be waged on her by any Foreign Power or group of Powers. The Prime Minister stated this fact explicitly in his speech at Cardiff last September. Germany replied, as the Prime Minister informed us, that this was not enough. She required Great Britain to stand aside and allow her, if she chose, to go to war with and dominate Europe.

If ever one nation gave another nation absolute, clear warning, official intimation, that she meant to have a great war, surely Germany was that nation in 1912. But our Ministers declined to take the warning and the official intimation. They preferred instead to reject the military advice of the greatest soldier of his

age (who had saved his country thirteen years before in the South African War) and to snub him for giving it; and they even suffered one of their own members—since then exalted to a higher post—to heap contumely on the head of Lord Roberts for using "wicked" words. A more amazing instance of Ministerial credulity—and, how can one help adding, of Ministerial ineptitude—has assuredly never been witnessed since the start of our party system.

Of course, over and above this official announcement by Germany to our Ministers in 1912, there were numbers of other profoundly significant facts, not secret at all but quite open and above board, that pointed to the inevitable and great war Germany meant to make on Europe unless by the threat of superior force she were hindered. There was the continuous piling up and piling up of armaments year after year since 1890; there were the ceaseless military preparations; the daring and provocative coups in the Far East, in the Near East, in North-West Africa; the "mailed fist" speeches, and so on and so on.

These alone were so clear, so extremely formidable and threatening, that many outsiders without access to diplomatic secrets—Mr. Leo Maxse and scores and hundreds of others—were convinced that Germany meant war. Some of our leading newspapers—notably the "Daily Mail" for upwards of twenty years—had been preaching and predicting it, only to be scoffed at by ignorant, vain and gullible pacifists, who, on the strength of a flattering luncheon or dinner in their honour at Berlin, came home convinced that there never, never could be war between Great Britain and the peace-loving German Empire and people.

Yet our Ministers had evidence ten times as strong as any outsider could possibly have. They had that sensational disclosure of 1912 to go upon; they may be said to have had therein the *proof* that Germany meant a great and bloody European War. And they could not believe it, could not understand it! They still apparently went on believing and hoping that, by offering idiotic little titbits of brotherly affection to this tigress among Powers, they could charm her away from her fierce resolution. They only recognised that Germany really meant war and had planned war when Germany actually went in and struck.

But the marvel of the thing does not end here. Unless I am entirely misinformed, even to-day these gullied or self-blinded Ministers do not recognise or admit for a moment that since 1912 they have made a mistake or miscalculation! Is it to be wondered at that, holding this view, they should not deem it necessary in their conceit to consult in any very material matters the most experienced statesmen and pro-consuls whom they still regard apparently as dangerous rivals or opponents? These are the people, alas, who are not only to carry through the war, but to have a great voice in the settlement at the close.

Yours faithfully,

X.

"ENGLAND" OR "BRITAIN"?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Royal Society of St. George,
241, Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

24 March, 1915.

SIR,—I did not again expect to seek the hospitality of your columns concerning this perennial subject. The whole question hinges upon the choice of a convenient and comprehensive title, not only for the United Kingdom, but for our Overseas Dominions and the Dependencies of the Crown.

It has been amply demonstrated that there is no legal or historical sanction for the employment of the word "Britain" for which a section of the Scottish people and a few others so hotly contend. Like "Albion," it is a fancy term, though without the latter's poetic associations.

We live in an intensely practical age, with little time for indulgence in academic puerilities. That the word

"Britain" is occasionally used by poets is rather a double-edged weapon, as witness your correspondent's quotation from Shakespeare. Shakespeare puts the word "British" in the mouth of poor old King Lear. Mr. Wilson is somewhat unfortunate in his champions, for King Lear was as mad as a hatter, and so was George the Third, when at the instigation of his evil genius, the infamous Bute, he chose to call himself a Briton, and in this connection read the letter of "Junius" to the king.

England is much more than the heart of the Empire. Englishmen make up more than three-fourths of the Empire's white population. We have only to imagine England to be non-existent to realise what there would be the positions of Scotland and Ireland. "John Bull" has been over-generous; first Scotland and then Ireland were taken into partnership, with self-governing branches in all parts of the world, and the Articles of Partnership have been strictly adhered to. But John Bull has unwisely delegated too great a share of the management to one of his juniors, who, actuated by sentimental motives, has the temerity to suggest an alteration in the style of the firm.

Now if it be borne in mind that John Bull found all the original capital, and still provides ninety per cent. of the ships, the men, and the money to carry on the business, surely he is not unreasonable in objecting to the proposal; but true is the old adage, "Give an inch, take an ell".

So many people are wanting in a sense of proportion, and although Englishmen do not willingly contrast themselves with others, yet since the subject has been broached, it may be permissible to state that if Scotland or Ireland were magnified six times, England (with the exception of square mileage) would still be the predominant partner.

I would remind Mr. Tomlinson that there is no such race as "the British race". The clannishness of the Scotch is proverbial, notwithstanding Mr. Tomlinson's opinion to the contrary, and they excel in the art of combination, in which Englishmen, to their cost, are so deficient. It may be true that Englishmen occupy various positions in Scotland, for did they not establish the Scotch Iron Industry and build the Forth Bridge?

Scotchmen have received ample consideration. Are not the Archbishops of the National Church of England Scotchmen, while Scotchman succeeds Scotchman as Lord Chancellor of England.

One of your correspondents falls foul of the society I have the honour to represent. It is the only purely English patriotic organisation extant. It was formed primarily with the object of stimulating the patriotic instinct and race-consciousness of the English people, and promoting loyalty to the Throne and the Constitution.

With its seventy branches throughout the Empire, and in China and Japan, it has effected much. It has defended English interests, and exposed the pretensions of some of those extreme sections in the United Kingdom who, living in, and on England, can only speak of her in terms of envious depreciation.

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

HOWARD RUFF,

Hon. Secretary,

The Royal Society of St. George.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Schoolhouse, Buckie,

6 March 1915.

SIR,—In your issue of this date, Messrs. Eyre-Todd and MacRitchie correctly voice the feeling of the two main Scottish cities on this—to Scotsmen—vital question. May I be permitted, from far off Banffshire, to emphasise the absolute solidarity of Scotland in insisting on its treaty rights in this matter of our national names? At a moment when so many Scotsmen are once more engaged in fighting, not "for their English kindred", as you callously state, but side by side with Englishmen for our common British honour and truth, it is painful to find Englishmen in your

columns scoffing at the "scrap of paper" which united us in 1707, and scoffing at it not by implication or innuendo, but avowedly and deliberately, and for the same reason as Germany scoffed at Belgium's rights—namely, weight of numbers and supposed superior might. If a British signature to a treaty guaranteeing the rights of a small foreign nation is of such sanctity—and Scotsmen rejoice with you that it is—that we are prepared to stake our national existence upon fulfilling our bond, how are Englishmen to answer to Scotland and to heaven the two questions: (1) Was your agreement in 1707 to merge your name and ours in the joint name of Britain a sincere promise? or was it a subterfuge to entrap the Scots into a union which for centuries you failed to force upon us by power of arms? (2) If the former, when did your promise lapse? It was kept rigidly and honestly at first. The treaty over which we are fighting Germany to-day is eighty years old. Are 200 years so much longer a period in the life of nations that a solemn promise made at that distance of time between two kindred races, and reiterated a century later, is no longer binding on Englishmen? Or do you keep treaties only in order to go to war with your enemies and not also to maintain honest and harmonious relations with your friends and fellow-subjects?

No Scotsman asks that the name of England should be dropped in its own legitimate signification. We should, for instance, object entirely to the Primate of all England being styled the Primate of Britain, which he is not. But we not merely ask, we insist, that the use of the name be dropped as a synonym for a larger entity. Let it remain the glory of Englishmen to be English and of Scotsmen to be Scottish. But we unite in a greater glory than either, that of being jointly British.

In all this we only ask that your use of the terms nationally should accord with their use geographically. Any correct map of the British Isles (that is, of Britain) will show four countries, three of which (England, Wales, Scotland) make up "Great Britain", Ireland being "Little Britain" by contrast to the main island. To Scotsmen it is amazing to find numerous English people who have failed to grasp this simple fact, and who, therefore, like "C. R. H.", use the intended *reductio ad absurdum* that the national adjective should be "Great British", which would obviously exclude Ireland, while "British" includes it.

In all this correspondence I have seen no argument in favour of including Scotland under "England" which could not also apply to the United States, and I am not aware that the wildest "English" patriot would apply to that great nation the shallow argument that since its language is English and its origin "Anglo-Saxon" it must be part of "England". The language argument will not convince a Swiss that he is a German or a Frenchman, nor is it good enough to trap a Scot into the English net. One of your correspondents thinks it would have been "unnatural and grotesque" for Nelson to have used "Great Britain" instead of "England" in his famous signal. Why so? As a matter of fact, it was a mere chance that he did not use "Britain", for shortly before the engagement he wrote in his diary: "May the great God Whom I worship grant to my country a great and glorious victory; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet." Such a prayer or Captain Smith's appeal, "Be British", arouses an echo in every Scottish heart. Do the prayer and the appeal leave any large proportion of Englishmen cold? If so, the day has passed when "an Englishman's word is as good as his bond", or when even his bond has a sure value.

Yours faithfully,

CHAS. W. THOMSON.

THE ENEMY ALIEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mention has lately been made in the Press and elsewhere, of the re-employment at certain hotels and restaurants of German and Austrian waiters. Since,

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short of revoking the licence, there appears to be no law against such action on the part of proprietors, it is a pity that the article referred to did not name a few of the offending establishments, in order that would-be customers might at least have the option of making their disapproval felt by a rigid boycott.

Is it not a scandal that, while we are daily calling for "men and more men", their very places may actually be filling up with enemy aliens, who, for their own benefit and that of their country, have sought asylum on these shores? The thing would be incredible anywhere but in England at this time.

Yours truly,

MORRIS BENT.

WOMEN AND AGRICULTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Kilda, 22, Baxter Avenue,
Southend-on-Sea, 17th March 1915.

SIR,—There can be no doubt that gardening—as, indeed, agricultural pursuits generally—is a most healthy and honourable employment for women of all classes. For some years Viscountess Wolseley has been making laudable efforts to get young women to take up the vocation of gardener, at the Glynde College, near Lewes, Sussex. Writing to me some while ago, Lady Wolseley said: "We want the daughters of Army and Navy men, country squires, etc." When sufficiently trained these young ladies can earn, Lady Wolseley says, "from £70 to £150 per annum".

When so many young women of the middle classes are seeking a career, may I urge upon parents and guardians the claims of the woman gardener?

All information will be readily given by Miss Elsa More, F.R.H.S., School for Lady Gardeners, Glynde, near Lewes, Sussex.

One result of this dreadful war will be the increased use of the land; and if men shirk their duty in this direction, let us hope women of all classes will step into the breach.

Yours truly,

H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

THE FIRST BIRD'S NEST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 March 1915.

SIR,—On 14 March I found in a little Surrey wood a long-tailed tits' nest, or rather its beginnings, for only an inch of the lichen foundations had been laid. It was in a rhododendron bush—surely rather an unusual place; though last spring also there was a long-tailed tits' nest in this very rhododendron, not two feet from where the new one is being built. In winter redwings sometimes roost here in large numbers. My luck was "in" that afternoon, for two hours later, as twilight fell, the redwings' evening chorus sounded through the trees like the noise of running water.

Yours truly,

R.

NATURE IN LONDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 March 1915.

SIR,—The laggard blackbird was once again singing richly in London (Regent's Park) on the afternoon of 21 March. On the same day the great titmouse or oxeye was in full note there in the early evening; whilst before 6 a.m. in Cadogan Gardens the ringdove was cooing and spiring. The best thrush I have heard so far in London is a bird that pipes in St. James's Square: his is a clear, loud, and very sweet note: I think I never heard a thrush sing more finely or powerfully at this time of year.

Yours faithfully,

BIRD LOVER.

REVIEWS.

WITHIN THE PRISON HOUSE.

"*The Novels of Dostoevsky.*" "*The House of the Dead.*" By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

HOW far a writer's physical maladies affect or colour his work is an interesting, if not very profitable, speculation. Is it possible to trace dyspepsia in Carlyle's writing, or is this only an afterthought from our knowledge of his life? To what extent did opium affect the work of de Quincey and Coleridge, and can we trace in the languor of Pascal's genius the result of his long-continued physical sufferings? Would Robert Louis Stevenson have written less finely if he had not been a consumptive?

It is the faculty of genius, we know, to transmute the conditions about it, and it may be, therefore, that the very physical maladies of the great become a quality of their genius. Certainly this would seem to have been the case with Fyodor Dostoevsky. All his life he suffered from epilepsy, that sinister disease of the nerves for which there is no known cure. He was condemned to death, served a sentence of four years' hard labour in a convict settlement in Siberia, and afterwards spent six years in exile. And these facts seem to explain his work, as if, in very truth, disease, imprisonment, exile were necessary for the fruition of his genius.

Dostoevsky is essentially the novelist of the abnormal. His books, without exception, deal with criminals, madmen, and degenerates. His outlook on life is entirely coloured by disease. To him the criminal is no monster of iniquity. He is an "unfortunate" who should not be held too strictly responsible for his acts. But although the trait of disease is plainly in evidence in Dostoevsky's work, it is there in no offensive sense. It is as though he regarded the whole world as a hospital of sick persons, all of whom it is a brutality not to indulge, not to feel sorry for. It inspires in him only the profoundest of pity, the tenderest of emotions, a peculiar sweetness. Robert Louis Stevenson refers to his "lovely goodness", his almost intolerable pathos, his love of the disinherited and of the failures of life. And Mr. Maurice Baring, in his "*Outline of Russian Literature*", writes of him as the most broad-minded man who ever lived, and as one who seems to get nearer to the unknown, to what lies beyond the flesh, than any other writer.

It is claimed for Dostoevsky that his place in Russian literature is at the top, equal—and, in the opinion of some, superior—to that of Tolstoy's greatness. His work is without form. He paid no attention to style. His books abound in repetitions. His greatness lies in his faculty for depicting with absolute accuracy the phases of the soul's emotions. His work has a crystal-like quality of transparent sincerity. He wrote from his heart, and, although he wrote as one who has plumbed the depths of despair and misery, he wrote always with his eyes fixed upon the stars. He discovered the soul of goodness in things evil, and he could detect the divine image even in the most debased and depraved of mankind. To him nothing in human shape was apart. In Mr. Baring's words, "He faced the evil without fear or blinkers; and there in the inferno, in the dust and ashes, he recognised the print of divine footsteps and the fragrance of goodness; he cried from the abyss: 'Hosanna to the Lord, for He is just!' and he blessed life. . . . His books resemble Greek tragedies by the magnitude of the spiritual adventures they set forth; they are unlike Greek tragedies in the Christian charity and the faith and the hope which goes out of them; they inspire the reader with courage, never with despair. . . . They come to mankind as a message of hope from a radiant country".

"*The House of the Dead*" is the story of Dostoevsky's prison experiences. In it he transports us straight to the interior of the Siberian underworld. With an extraordinary quietness, in a sort of under-

tone as one speaking to himself, he gradually initiates us into the real inner life of the convict. The cumulative effect of the book is extraordinary. It is one of those books which leave an indelible mark upon the memory. No one who has read it can ever be quite the same person as he was before, or can ever view with the dispassionate indifference of the average man the sight of a convict on his way from prison to prison. The effect of the book is not that we read about convicts, but that we share their actual life and enter into their emotions, their hopes and fears, their rage and shame. What understanding of the psychology of the convict is shown by Dostoevsky's description of those strange outbreaks of revolt which occur periodically. Often a man is patient for several years, is resigned, endures most cruel punishment, and suddenly breaks out over some little thing, some trifle. "The prison authorities are sometimes surprised that, after leading a quiet, exemplary life for some years, a convict with no apparent reason suddenly breaks out, as though he were possessed by a devil, plays pranks, drinks, makes an uproar, and sometimes positively ventures on serious crimes—such as open disrespect to a superior officer, or even commits murder or rape. They look at him and marvel. And all the while possibly the cause of this sudden outbreak, in the man from whom one would least have expected it, is simply the poignant hysterical craving for self-expression, the desire to assert himself, to assert his crushed personality, a desire which suddenly takes possession of him and reaches the pitch of fury, of spite, of mental aberration, of fits and nervous convulsions."

And there is fine material within prison walls. Not all the convicts by any means are brutal and degraded. The novelist tells of a youth who remained throughout his term "pure as a chaste girl, and any ugly, cynical, dirty, unjust, or violent action in the prison brought a glow of indignation into his beautiful eyes". There were several with natures so innately good, "so richly endowed by God that the very idea of their ever deteriorating seems impossible".

"After all", writes Dostoevsky, "one must tell the whole truth; these men (the convicts) were exceptional men. Perhaps they were the most gifted, the strongest of our people. But their mighty energies were vainly wasted, wasted abnormally, unjustly, hopelessly. And who was to blame, whose fault is it?"

PLACE NAMES.

"The Place Names of England and Wales." By Jas. B. Johnston. John Murray. 15s. net.

[REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.]

THE history of the various races that have intermingled their blood in these islands is an obscure subject at the best. The records soon cease. Therefore every beam of light, even the faintest that can be thrown upon the past, becomes valuable. And often, when the direct record, in later days, is of the meagrest, place names may be found to offer definite evidence on important points. As it happens, we have in England records of place names in abundance long before we have regular history in abundance. Moreover, place names "help much to indicate the breadth and depth of the impact of the foreign invader, and England had invaders not a few".

It is scarcely possible to do more than guess when the first denizens of these islands came or how they came. The true Ancient Britons were certainly anterior to the Celts, and they sprang from what ethnologists describe as the Mediterranean race. As a race they have disappeared, leaving no trace behind them in Great Britain except a few graves, a few skulls, and still fewer words which exist in a handful of river and mountain names. The Biddle, the Bollin, the Croco, and the Etherow are small Cheshire streams with an old nomenclature that seems to belong to this pre-Celtic race. The Trent, the Severn, the Stour, the Wrekin, and the Cheviot Hills are also possibly pre-Celtic in origin. But it is more than possible that further traces

may be found in Wales, in Cornwall, and in the northern counties that once formed part of the kingdom of Strathclyde. Mr. Johnston is of opinion that it would be wasted time to attempt to speculate upon the language of this ancient people. It is to be hoped that some ardent Welsh scholar will venture upon the subject, for, although their language may have disappeared, there are traces in the population of the Principality to-day of these "long-skulled, dark-haired, dark-eyed pre-Celts" as distinguished from the fair, tall, grey-eyed, round-headed descendants of the conquering race. Abbé Mendel's law as to the indestructibility of type works out in human beings as it does with multi-coloured sweet peas. And there are not wanting signs in England also that the ancient British stock exists, and is reasserting itself despite all the vicissitudes of invasion that have produced the amalgam of the British race.

The Celt, on the other hand, has left a strong linguistic mark upon the history of England. An example of this, quite outside the question of place names, may be found in the "sheepscoring" numerals that crop up throughout the Kingdom. Thirty years ago the reviewer, as a very young man, had occasion to bring some observations of his own, made in the Yorkshire dales, before the late Professor Rhys of Oxford. That great Celtic student very emphatically expressed an opinion that "folk were scarcely cold in their graves in some parts of the West Riding who had used a language so full of Celtic words that it might be called a Celtic dialect". The county schools are exterminating that sort of thing, but during the past few months the reviewer has heard some children in Lincolnshire counting one another out for a game with Celtic numerals.

Lincolnshire is the most Scandinavian of all the counties. Of Celtic place names there are only four, of which the county town is one—or rather half of one. "Lin", or "lind", is Celtic for "water". "Coln" in this case is an abbreviation for "colonia". The whole word therefore means "Roman settlement by the water", an appropriate designation, particularly in days before the fens were drained. All through the Eastern and Midland counties there is a similar scarcity of Celtic place names. There the Scandinavians and the Teutons swarmed, and rived away the Celtic name with the land. But in Cornwall, "the horn of the Welsh", there are no true English names of any consequence, except "modern upstarts like New Quay, and two names on the very eastern edge—Launceston and Saltash".

The study of place names reveals some curious racial characteristics. "In the case of Angle, Saxon and Dane they tell at least a little as to who were their favourite heroes; whilst in the case of the Celt they show who were his favourite saints". Again, the "Saxon, unlike the more modest and poetic Celt, dearly loved to commemorate himself or at any rate his own family name in a manor or farm or village". These manors and farms not infrequently passed into Norman hands at the Conquest, and often Norman families took to themselves Saxon names. Indeed, it is quite remarkable, considering all the circumstances of the case, how few Norman lords managed to plant their names in English ground as the Teutons did before them. In some cases they added their own personal names to earlier place names, as in the case of Woolacombe Tracy in North Devon. "Willelmus de Traci", one of the murderers of Becket, so it appears, lived in the "Valley of Wola or Wulfgar".

In Wales, on the other hand, the Normans left an interesting and important group of place names. The reasons for this are not far to seek, but among them must be placed the rugged inadaptability of the Welsh tongue. A very interesting example of Norman methods is to be found in Mold in Flint, where the Norman name, to say the least, is well disguised. The Celts called the place Gwyddgrag, "conspicuous mount". The Normans translated this word into *Mont Halt*, "high mount". This translation, with a transition stage Moalt, has now been squeezed down into Moid.

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The track of Scandinavian invasions can easily be traced by place names. The endings -by, -thwaite, -beck, -fell, for instance, are well-known marks of the Northman. It is not so generally known that the ending -caster is also a guide up to a certain point. The Norse tongues alone preserved the hard c in the Roman *castrum* or *castra*. On the lips of the Saxon, aided by the Norman, the c has always softened into -ester or -chester. For example, Doncaster was a Roman settlement that came into Danish hands. Gloucester, on the other hand, was far removed from their avaricious grasp. Similarly, a study of the map of Wales shows that the Norsemen or the Saxons named all the headlands of importance, except round Cardigan Bay, while the inland rivers both of England and Wales, with few and unimportant exceptions, retain their Celtic designation.

It is difficult to refrain from walking very much farther in an interesting by-path of English history in company with the author of this fascinating book. Mr. Johnston's task in a sense is a new one. He has endeavoured to synthesise, for the first time, all the many notable attempts to arrange the place names of various counties and districts. In other words he has attempted a conspectus of the whole subject, not with any false idea that his work represents the last word that can be said, but to make the "pathway easier for the more thorough men who are sure to come after". Jane Welsh Carlyle, with pathetic humour, once remarked that her grim husband was of opinion that no one should require thanking for the performance of a task. "But I want thanking", complained the poor lady. So Mr. Johnson naïvely hopes that he "may receive a little thanks for what he has done, rather than censure—all too easy to utter—for what he has left undone". Those who love England and Wales, among whom the reviewer numbers himself, will thank this scholarly Scottish clergyman for his willing labours on their behalf.

BENEDETTO CROCE AND HEGEL.

"What is Living and What is Dead of the Philosophy of Hegel." By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

THE original Italian text of this study of Hegel by Signor Croce has passed through three editions since its publication in 1906. It is the first of a series of essays upon philosophical subjects by this distinguished Italian; and the extreme value which he assigns to what he considers the essentials of the Hegelian philosophy has naturally attracted Mr. Ainslie, who is an admirer of both the German and the Italian. It would hardly have been possible for Mr. Ainslie to refrain from rendering this essay into English, as he is so competent to do; for he believes that Croce, who has passed beyond and can look back upon Hegel, has supplied to all future students the clue of Ariadne through the labyrinth of Hegelianism. In his opinion Hegel has at last found a critic and interpreter equal to the task; and if Signor Croce is well acquainted with English we are quite sure he will return the compliment in respect of the translation of his book. Hegelian students and others may not agree that Signor Croce removes all stumbling-blocks so completely as Mr. Ainslie supposes. Everyone knows of the Hegelian who wrote "The Secret of Hegel" and was congratulated on having kept it so well. But a similar sarcasm would not touch Signor Croce's book. The secret is pellucidly unveiled as he conceives it. There is no difficulty in following the process by which Signor Croce establishes that a part of Hegel's philosophy of absolutely supreme importance still lives, and that another part may and ought to be lopped off, as it never had any philosophical vitality from the first.

It has always been an excrescence and incrustation obscuring and confusing the essential real thought of Hegel. This distinction is clearly made; the method of criticism is followed consistently; and the result is something far other than what a reader may well resent—a summary and repetition of Hegel's various

books more difficult than the books themselves. It is comparatively easy to state in general terms in what the distinction between the living and the dead Hegelianism consists, according to Signor Croce. The Hegelian method of reconciling apparently fundamental contradictions, dualisms, or oppositions in thought and the universe, known as the Hegelian dialectic, is for Signor Croce the supreme discovery of Hegel. By this he stands out unique in the history of philosophy. He found the magic formula which previous ages had sought. "Whoever feels the dignity of man, and the dignity of thought, can find satisfaction in no other solution of conflicts and dualisms than in the dialectical, the solution won by the genius of Hegel." We have to understand how in the universe such opposites or contradictions as good and evil, life and death, joy and sorrow, being and not being, can be reconciled by thought so that we may be disengaged from such inconsistent doubles or dualisms of thought as, say, eternal God and eternal matter co-existent on apparently equal terms; or good and evil as independent entities having equally real existence. But there are also double ideas, or dualisms, that are not inconsistent and contradictory. Such ideas as intuition and thought, language and logic, art and philosophy, poetry and prose, true and good. They are concepts, distinct but not contradictory. Each is a distinct piece of reality in itself; unlike life and death, or good and evil, which are not independent realities, each intelligible by itself without the other, and which have to be synthetised in the dialectic in order to become rational. Now, according to Signor Croce, it is altogether false, and it introduces irremediable confusion, to apply the dialectic method, which is solely applicable to the contradictions, to the distincts. Moreover, many concepts which have no philosophical value—for example, those of science and nature, which are, as one may say, conventions of practical and not of philosophical validity, are subjected to the dialectic indiscriminately. Signor Croce's explanation is that Hegel was "so tyrannised over by his own discovery (of the dialectic), so inebriated with the wine of that truth, as to see it everywhere before him; and he was led to conceive everything according to that formula". This reminds us of Bergson's saying that no philosopher, worthy of the name, ever says more than one thing. Hegel had properly one thing to say; but he tried to say more. The effort led him into false philosophy, into most extraordinary absurdities, and false renderings of art, history and religion. These shock and hinder us from doing justice to Hegel's greatness and his truth.

As might be expected from Signor Croce's distinction as a writer on philosophy who has laid especial stress on the importance of language and artistic expression of every kind, linguistic and aesthetic, in connection with the problems of philosophy, these aberrations of Hegel excessively shock and repel him. The misapplication of the dialectic to these subjects where it is not only *de trop* but where it turns truth into error and converts philosophic errors into supposed actual realities, is treated *con amore* in very interesting chapters that follow the vein of thought and display that felicitous expression which has made Signor Croce's writings famous in the philosophy of recent years. One understands the repulsion of such a writer, and we learn that he still sometimes feels the old Adam, the old repugnance, arising within him, as he reads, for example, that art is destined to perish with the advent of the definitive philosophy; that history must be written, not as an autonomous creation of the human spirit's activity, having its own rights, but according to an *à priori* philosophy of history; or the history of nature as a similar *à priori* philosophy; in other words, the evolution of the camel is to be got out of the inner consciousness.

One absurdity may be mentioned, not because it is of any particular importance, but because it is more than usually amusing at present. This is the speculation of Hegel, that as in universal history the point of convergence and final result is the Germanic spirit, so in the cosmological conception the centre of the

universe is the earth, and Germany the centre of the earth. As the centre of the universe she has become more familiar to Europe since Hegel's day. Germany has indeed largely forgotten her great son's philosophy, for Hegelian studies have been more important in England for thirty years than they have been in Germany; but this by-product of Hegel's philosophy has very much survived. There is a real tragedy in the neglect of Hegelianism in its purity as Signor Croce conceives it. From the moment when Hegel gave "the cry of the discoverer, the Eureka, his principle of the solution of the problem of opposites", there ought to have been an end for ever to the age-long conflict between the contradictions, the oppositions or dualisms in thought which have caused a continual recurrence throughout history of monistic and dualistic, idealistic and realistic, spiritualistic and materialistic philosophies, one rising as the other falls, and a perpetual see-saw going on amongst them. But Signor Croce, in his chapter on "Dualism not Overcome", demonstrates that the result of the misuse of the dialectic was to reintroduce the very dualism into philosophy which it was its special object to resolve. Hegel's misapplications of the dialectic, which surreptitiously reintroduced the dualism into thought that would have been overcome if Hegel had been true to his own principles, was followed naturally by the schism or dualism of Hegel's followers. On the one hand theism was deduced from his teaching, on the other atheism. And it must be remembered that Hegel, like Kant, has had immense practical influence in politics and every department of intellectual activity. The revolutionaries of 1848, or the Socialists, or such Germans as the historian Treitschke, have each found in Hegel principles on which their action could be theoretically based. If Hegel in constructing a philosophy of history or a philosophy of nature by applying his dialectic where it was not applicable, as Signor Croce contends, ran into the most amazing fantasies, it is nevertheless true that Hegel originated a series of great writers of history and was himself a great writer of history; just as he influenced the views of men of science in their reflections on the doctrines of their sciences. Philosophy, remote though it seems from the practical affairs of men, is not like the game of chess, nor are philosophers like the masters of chess. No great philosopher has lived who has not altered the course of thinking and action in politics and sociology, in literature, in art, religion and science. This is the reason why a philosopher like Hegel attracts a writer like Signor Croce to examine his philosophy, not only for the sake of his truth, but because it is equally necessary to unmask the sources of his errors. With a great man one can never be sure whether he is to have more influence in the world because he is right or because he is wrong.

MR. THORBURN'S BIRDS.

"British Birds." By Archibald Thorburn. Longmans.
4 Vols. £1 11s. 6d. each Vol. Vol. 1.

After endless mechanical photographs of birds, a very ingenious many of them but after a time quite unsatisfying, it is a pleasure to return to the work of a real artist. Mr. Thorburn has no rival to-day in knowledge and execution combined in his delightful craft, and we are glad to have at length from him his own book on British birds, the work truly of a lifetime's study and abounding enthusiasm. We have long known him, of course, as the game bird portrait painter, whilst those who know Lord Lilford's work have recognised him as a close and exceedingly accurate observer of many other families. But hitherto his bird studies have been scattered in many directions; now we have them collected and final, and the result promises to be probably, from an illustrative point of view, the most authoritative book on our birds in existence. We think that on the whole these pictures in colour of all the British species acknowledged to-day are a surer guide for identification, and are more accurate in every detail, than even those in Lord Lilford's

work. They are nobly reproduced, and we can discover in them a labour of love not in the artist alone but in the thought and zeal of the publisher who collaborated. All the plates in this opening volume are beautiful and exact in their fidelity, but the triumph among them is perhaps the frontispiece, where something of the sheen and iridescence in the plumage of the magpie and the raven have been reproduced with a rare skill.

As to the text, Mr. Thorburn frankly tells us it is in the nature of a compilation, and for the ends he has in view it is quite sufficient; though when we reach the volume which deals with the game birds we shall expect to have more of his own and original observation, which must be large and very interesting. We may here add a few notes to his letterpress as to various species which this opening volume deals with. Mr. Thorburn is quite right about the goldfinch holding its own and increasing in various parts of England: in several districts we could name it is now quite a common bird, and in one particular district in the south of England, we consider it, after the greenfinch, the most abundant of all our finches. We differ with him in finding the cirl bunting's song like the yellowhammer's save for the prolonged note at the close: it is, at its best, quite different from the yellowhammer's, much stronger, clearer and bolder. In some districts in the south to-day the cirl bunting almost takes the place of the yellowhammer, being actually a common bird, though not so common as the corn bunting in that bird's favourite districts. The grey wagtail is a very regular nesting species on many of our streams in the South of England—for example, Test and Itchen—and is one of the earliest of all nesting birds in this country, having young sometimes before the yellow or Ray's wagtail has settled down to its summer quarters. We agree that the nightingale in his song is little affected by cold weather, though the popular belief that he is prevails in most country districts; but what really is or is not good singing weather for the bird we have never been able to discover. As a rule the lesser whitethroat is, as Mr. Thorburn says, less abundant than the whitethroat, but not invariably so; in certain districts it is the commoner species of the two. "The [garden warbler's] song", writes Mr. Thorburn, "though resembling the blackcap's, lacks its richness and tone". But does it lack the richness? It certainly loses through its hurried delivery: otherwise, perhaps, in quality there is not much to choose between the two, both being rare stylists in song.

We look forward to Mr. Thorburn's treatment not only of the game birds but of the falcons and eagles too. Mr. Thorburn has a master-hand for drawing and painting falcons, eagles and other birds of prey. But we venture to say, and perhaps Mr. Thorburn himself may agree with this—that neither he nor any other artist has ever quite succeeded in catching the true and full expression of the eyes of the eagles when the birds are perched and gazing into the sky. That expression is strange and wondrous. One notices it in the golden eagle among other species: an infinitely wild, a far-away, space- and sun-hungry expression; an expression that is poignant indeed when seen in an eagle in a cage, unearthly, and in a way spiritual, if fiercely spiritual. It is not at all the expression that is conveyed in the phrase "eagle eye", which merely denotes keen power of vision; but something much remoter from our familiar world. It is the glance of a creature which seems to pierce through the veil and penetrate to worlds far beyond. An eagle in a cage, however large that prison, is always a pathetic spectacle through that far-away expression in the eye: an eagle in a cage very well may "set Heaven in a rage" at least as much as any redbreast.

THE FOREST'S TREASURY.

"Trees: A Woodland Notebook." By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Maclehose: Glasgow. 21s. net.

When Shakespeare wrote that there were no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers, for once he forgot the trade and craft

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of forester and woodman. We know how in succeeding ages men have used stone, bronze, and iron, but we cannot even conjure a vision of human beings without the use of wood. A land without trees must once have been wholly uninhabitable, and now, indeed, we can count it little better. For a while this truth was ignored, yet it is being imposed again as the planes in the town streets witness; we cannot steal from Nature and restore nothing. More ambitious plans, too, are afoot, and of the revival of interest in true forestry there are many signs in this beautiful book. Sir Herbert Maxwell has a great store of knowledge of his subject, and, though he has written in the first place for Scottish readers, there should be welcome for him everywhere. Our literature, our history, our legends, the face of the country, and the names of its habited places, all go to show how great a part the woods have played in the lives of the British people. Those who go into them to-day may think to find the lost refuge of peace, and a leisure from straining thought, but it may well chance that they hear the axe at work because of the needs of war. We heard the other day of one big remnant of forest that is to be sacrificed entirely, and, despite regret for pleasant places, it is fitting that the tradition should continue. Sir Herbert Maxwell says that steel and iron have robbed the oak of its pride of place, whilst centuries have passed since arrows were cut from the ash, or the yew gave England her bows, and the ash gave Scotland staffs for her pikes. So much for change; but the day is not in sight when the woodlands shall cease to have part with us in war as well as in peace.

Glancing through the book one must early note how often its author, thinking of the trees, has fallen into thought of Shakespeare or Tennyson, those two who are pre-eminent among the sylvan poets. The nineteenth-century writer leads us as surely to park and chase as the Elizabethan to the Forest of Arden and the magic wood not far from Athens. These scenes were never choice of chance, but the true expression of rooted love. As the Highlander desires his hills, and the Lowlander his rich valleys, so does the woodlander long at all seasons for his own places. It would be sad, indeed, if we had none to-day to make poems in their honour, but we can be content whilst Mr. Bridges is with us. Where the bird sings, where the wind dances the leaves, or makes bare branches sigh, there, in truth, we have a laureate. No tree familiar in England that has not drawn Mr. Bridges's notice, nor an aspect of woodland life that has escaped him. Oak, cherry, chestnut, willow, elm, larch, beech, lime, pine, bolly, birch, and hazel are all met as we turn a dozen or so pages of a little volume of his lyrics. The toils and pleasures of the woods are his by heart, and he cares for them, we think, as truly in winter as at the times of their gaiety or more ornate splendour. This same spirit of changeless love belongs to Sir Herbert Maxwell, as can be seen in the choice of illustrations for his book. Some persons there are, so unsensed, that a tree for them loses charm with the leaf's fall. They see that something is lost in general effect, and the individual beauties of trunk, branch, or twig escape them, but we would have them turn to two of the photographs here which show birches in June and December. Also there is a colour-plate of a larch in its first spring greenery—an exquisite thing, but half its charm is lent by the bare boughs of a cautious ash growing at its side.

Practical information for the forester takes a good deal of space in this book, and the ancient craft is reviewed both on the romantic and utilitarian side. Perhaps the chief obstacle to its revival lies in doubt as to the advisability of sparing land from corn, but many of our old woodlands need more management than they have had, and in Scotland there is, of course, room for more to be planted. Proof that the genius of our people is connected intimately with their trees is scarcely needed, but it is impressive to read here of the many places whose names, English or Celtic, are derived from oak, ash, and elm. In the North the pine may be their rival, but in the South these have been the rulers among the big timber. Their roots seem to

be in the very heart of the land, and, whatever scientific forestry may do, we cannot help hoping that it will never weaken their lordship, coeval as it is with the island's record.

LATEST BOOKS.

"Songs From the Clay." By James Stephens. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

These are the merest whiffs of song, fragile and tuneful. Mr. Stephens is here content with catching his mood upon the wing, as an artist quickly brushes at a vanishing gleam of light or soul in the thing he sees. Frankly, he aims at artlessness; and this fact measures equally the fullness and the limit of his success. For he achieves artlessness quite often, and gives us the illusion of childsong or birdsong. He can often leave behind that tedious company of modern singers who, affecting to prattle in a childish treble, are rather more naïve in their poetic methods than they will ever be in their hearts. Usually when one hears of a new poet singing in this modern century like Rousseau's natural man, we think at once of half-timbered garden cities and of the innocence which begins and ends as the innocence of any sense of humour. Mr. Stephens's naïvety is seldom the naïvety of Jaeger and nut-cleats. He has a right to his artlessness; for there is real freshness about it. He plays the box-wood flute of Henley's blackbird, or his own pipe of oaten straw:

"I have a pipe of oaten straw,
I play upon it when I may,
And the music that I draw
Is as happy as the day."

One of the happiest of these songs upon the oaten straw is "The Nodding Stars". Readers of the **SATURDAY REVIEW** will remember this little poem, and perhaps recall the happy use of the familiar "walloped" in the third stanza. We can cite no better example of Mr. Stephens's successful simplicity. On the other hand even Mr. Stephens sometimes proves that simplicity has its perils even for those who can claim the oaten straw by nature's own right. Notably we are doubtful of the poem "Green Boughs" in this little book. That the baby leaves are children of the sun is a fancy which in its origin is well enough, but the simplest of Mr. Stephens's readers will hardly fail to smile a little wryly as they read:

"Loud he shouted through the plain
(Golden voiced and glad he).
Dance them up with might and main
Toss the baby leaves again,
Till they see their Daddy."

There is here a deliberate and artificial seeking after homeliness and innocence which revenges itself in a metaphor that destroys the original fancy and the poetic mood. The wonder is not that Mr. Stephens falters now and then, but that he so often succeeds in prattling without falling into the strained silliness of many of his contemporaries.

"The Influence of King Edward and other Essays." By Viscount Esher. Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

Only a really strong man, whose reputation in statecraft and in the management and understanding of great public matters are past dispute, could afford to bring out a book like this to-day. A weaker man than Lord Esher would have withheld the book or would have severely pruned and edited it in the essays and passages that relate to the probability of a great European war; for Lord Esher did not think such a war inevitable or very imminent, and his book tells the reader so quite frankly. What a temptation it would have been for a man, with a reputation to make, to have brought the work strictly up-to-date and to have removed from it these passages! We need hardly say that we entirely honour Lord Esher for scorning such devices and for suffering his book to appear as he wrote it in its various military essays long before the war. With most of the papers in this volume readers who follow public affairs at all closely, and who seek knowledge from the best sources, are familiar. The two essays, for example, on King Edward VII., his part in Foreign Affairs and his character, were very widely read and admired when they appeared; they will be quite indispensable to the historians of our own time. We are very glad to have them now in volume form. Only less valuable are the letters on the House of Lords which were printed in the "Times" in 1909 and 1910. Most people will be glad also to renew acquaintance with the "Reflections suggested by Lord Morley's Political Notes" ("New Statesman", January and February 1914). But the whole collection is very good, being equipped throughout with dry reason, restraint, and a very singular knowledge of high politics. This book is an antidote to prejudice and passion in public controversy.

Mr. S. Bradbury has written a sympathetic account of "Bertram Dobell: Bookseller and Man of Letters" (Dobell, 6d. net), and filled it with pleasant touches about a true bookman. Bertram Dobell worked on behalf of the fame of Traherne

and James Thomson, the author of the wondrous poem "The City of Dreadful Night"; and for years now his two shops in Charing Cross Road have been a joy to the man who has a care for books that the master publishers of old, the Moxons and the Pickering's, produced. This little work is finding many friends, and deserves them all.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

Dead Souls (Nikolai Gogol); Where There Are Women (M. & A. Barclay). Unwin. 6s. each.
The House of the Foxes (K. Tynan). Smith, Elder. 6s.
Whirlpool Heights (J. Cruikshank). Allen & Unwin. 4s 6d. net.
Miss Bryde of England (A. G. Rosman). Melrose. 6s.
The Voyage Out (V. Woolf). Duckworth. 6s.

HISTORY.

Alsace and Lorraine (Ruth Putnam). Putnam. 5s. net.
A History of Persia (P. M. Sykes). Macmillan. 2 vols. 50s. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

British Birds (A. Thorburn). Vol. I. Longmans. £6 6s. net.

REPRINTS.

Constitutional Law of England (E. W. Ridges). Stevens. 15s.

THEOLOGY.

The Fourfold Gospel (Edwin A. Abbott). Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.

Christendom's Impending Doom (J. Cross). Simpkin. 6s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Recollections (Frank T. Bullen). Seeley. 10s. 6d. net.

The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck (J. A. Ford). Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

The Red Glutton (I. S. Cobb). Hodder. 6s.

INSURANCE.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ADIMINISHED bonus, whatever may have been the origin of the misfortune, is generally resented by the public, and it is therefore not unlikely that offices which, in view of war contingencies, have decided to pay smaller bonuses for a time will lose some business that otherwise might have been obtained. Resentment in most cases is, however, most unreasonable, and would be absurd at the present time, when life assurance companies are being called upon to perform important national duties. Until peace is restored everybody must suffer, and policyholders may well feel thankful that their bonuses have not had to be reduced to a still greater extent. The decrease of 6s. per cent. from 36s. to 30s., made by the directors of the Prudential Assurance Company, is clearly not of much consequence; it may prevent a few timid persons from taking out policies of life assurance, but it is a powerful argument in favour of immediate assurance all the same.

Up to 31 December last this company, which transacts business on a scale of national magnitude, having over 21 million policies in force, had not seriously felt the effects of war, and the Board would have been perfectly justified had they repeated the 36s. per cent. distribution—but, let us say, for two facts: First, the voluntary concession made to policyholders on active service; and, secondly, the not-easily-calculated liability imposed upon the company by the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act. The three latest valuation reports, made by Mr. J. Burn, the actuary, show that in the Ordinary Branch the amount of profit obtained was £1,552,350 in 1912, £1,715,425 in 1913, and £1,641,723 last year; while in the Industrial Branch the profit for the same years was £1,334,403, £1,329,505, and £1,236,201 respectively. As all three valuations appear to have been made with the same actuarial assumptions, it is evident that the prosperity of the Ordinary Branch was generally maintained, the increase in the net profits being comparatively small. Less satisfactory, of course, are the figures relating to the original department, but the decrease in profits was solely due to the payment of war claims that could not legally have been demanded. Something like £150,000 was paid out in this way by the company last year, and these gratuitous payments necessarily affected the amount of profit realised.

Apart from the effect on the surplus thus produced, the Prudential, notwithstanding the war, was certainly not less prosperous than in most recent years. Not so many ordinary policies were issued as in 1913, and the sum assured was about £500,000 smaller, but the new

annual premium income obtained was almost as large—£424,353 against £425,717—and the total premiums, at £5,035,625, showed an increase of £115,107, against one of £93,525 in the preceding period. Moreover, the interest earned on the fund was considerably greater. Although income-tax had to be deducted on a higher scale, the net receipts amounted to £1,900,537, and compared with £1,773,248; while the average net rate realised was £4 os. 1d. per cent., or one shilling per cent. higher.

In the case of the Industrial Branch the progress made was even greater. Almost as huge a volume of new business was transacted as in 1913, and the premium income, which had increased by £81,894 in that year, made a sensational advance of £301,746, the total rising from £7,874,456 to £8,176,202, although the claims, as stated, showed a substantial increase.

What prevented the continuance of the former rate of bonus was merely the necessity which arose to make provision for unexpected contingencies. Out of the combined funds £750,000 was transferred to the investments reserve fund—£500,000 from the Ordinary Branch and £250,000 from the Industrial Branch; and in the case of the last-mentioned branch an additional special reserve of £300,000 was created to meet contingent liabilities under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act. But for these disbursements there would have been no possible need to disappoint the policyholders. In both branches the expense ratio was again lowered, and an appreciable improvement was obtained in the case of the interest earnings. It is probable—almost certain—that the scaling down of bonuses will prove only a temporary expedient. Of course, while war lasts, and mortality losses cannot be accurately computed, it would be an unsound policy to distribute more than a part of the yearly surplus, but the business is undoubtedly as sound, if not sounder, than before, and larger profits may be expected when peace has been restored. At any rate it is quite certain that the financial condition of the company was seldom more satisfactory. Making allowance for the investments reserve, the accumulated funds, taken one with another, are probably worth at least their balance-sheet values, while their average value over a term of years would be much greater. Policyholders are therefore justified in taking into account the possibility of a future rise in prices and when this is done the prospect of a £2 per cent. bonus does not seem to be very remote.

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The Right Hon. LORD ROTHSCHILD, G.C.V.O.

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CONTINUED PROGRESS OF THE BUSINESS.

The Ordinary General Meeting of the British Dominions General Insurance Co., Ltd., was held yesterday at the rooms of the Institute of Directors, 4 Corbet Court, Mr. F. Handel Booth, M.P. (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. J. Gardiner, A.C.A.) read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:—Gentlemen, it is a great pleasure to meet you once more at our annual meeting, and to present to you the accounts for the year 1914. It has been, as you will have observed from the balance-sheet, by far the most prosperous year that the Company has ever enjoyed.

ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE NORTH-WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY.

During the latter part of the year your Board had negotiations with the directors of the North-Western Insurance Co., Ltd., for amalgamation. These negotiations were eventually terminated in arrangements being made between the two companies, which I have no doubt will be of great advantage to the shareholders of each. The subscribed capital of the British Dominions General Insurance Co., Ltd., now amounts to £80,000, of which £345,000 is paid up, and the total reserves exceed £325,000. The Company's financial position is therefore exceedingly strong. The paid-up capital is one of the largest in existence. Your directors were fortunate in retaining the services of the directors of the North-Western Insurance Co., Ltd., who are gentlemen exceptionally well known in their own localities, and able to control a considerable amount of insurance business. Your Board feel they have been very fortunate in securing the influence of these gentlemen. I am also pleased to inform you that during the year Mr. Thomas Richards, a gentleman who has large commercial influences, and who has been one of our large shareholders for many years, has consented to become a member of the City of London Board. Mr. S. A. Bennett, who was General Manager for some years of the North-Western Insurance Co., and is well known as a successful fire underwriter, has accepted the position of Fire Manager of our Company.

MARINE REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Turning to the figures, you will find, if you look at the marine revenue account, that the premium income for the year 1914 was £80,000 more than the previous year. The balance at the end of the year was, in round figures, £98,000 more than in 1913. I think you will agree with me that this is a very remarkable result. It has enabled your directors to add £70,000 to the special reserve fund, which now stands at £100,000, and after making provision for the depreciation in investments, to carry forward a credit balance of £81,738. In the fire and general revenue account, the figures of the North-Western Insurance Co., Ltd., are incorporated, which accounts for the large increase in same, and the present figures can therefore not be compared with our figures of 1913, but on an income of £206,000, after making full provision for all claims intimated, and which have not yet been presented, and after providing for depreciation in investments, the balance carried forward is £87,306, which in the opinion of your Board is more than sufficient for the requirements of the account.

LARGE INCREASE IN ASSETS.

You will see from the balance-sheet that our investments have increased during the year from £372,123 to £603,921; our cash at bankers from £82,503 to £133,269, and our total assets from £560,077 to £872,111, the increases being £51,768, £50,766, and £31,034 respectively, which, I think you will agree with me, is a magnificent result. The Company has now reached that happy position by which the dividends are more than provided for from interest received from investments. This will enable the directors to add to the reserve fund each year, and as the additions are invested the interest earned will automatically increase. Consequently, the dividend on the shares should rise. Following our previous custom, a total list of all the investments is given at the end of the balance-sheet, and you will see that these are of an exceptionally first-class nature.

The resolution "That a final payment of 3 per cent. be declared on the Ordinary shares, which, with the payment already made—and which is hereby confirmed—makes 6 per cent. for the year, and that the same be paid forthwith," was moved by Mr. H. T. Gullick, seconded by Mr. P. Hugh Marshall, and carried.

REVIEW OF THE INSURANCE MARKET.

Mr. E. M. Mountain said:—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—I should like to give you a general outline of what has happened during the year in the insurance market. Turning to marine insurance, during the early part of the year, prior to the war, there was a decided inclination towards a reduction in the premiums on hull insurances, which constitutes a very large part of the business in the market. We felt that lower premiums were not justified, and in consequence we reduced our account in this branch. Since war broke out, as you will have observed, there has been frequent trouble with regard to labour, and in consequence, especially in the shipbuilding and repairing world, the cost of labour has greatly increased; also, as a direct result of the war, the cost of materials has risen enormously. For instance, ship plates, which in August were at £6 a ton, are now £9. It is apparent, therefore, that the cost of repairs will be enormously increased, and it is estimated at the present moment that the increased cost of repairs to vessels is somewhere in the neighbourhood of 40 per cent.

UNDERWRITERS AND ENHANCED HAZARDS.

In view of this, an agreement was come to by underwriters by which they should ask for a minimum rise on the renewal of all hull insurances of either 20 per cent. in the value, or a 10 per cent. increase in the value and a 10 per cent. increase in the premium. This rise is roughly equivalent to about 15 per cent. rise in premium. It is a very moderate one, and it is not at all sufficient to meet the increased cost which underwriters will have to bear. At the same time, it was only intended to be a minimum rise, and to apply to those owners who had shown the best results in the past. Since the agreement was made there has been no difficulty in obtaining this rise, shipowners as a body fully realising the necessity for same and the justice of it. Mr. Mountain concluded by moving a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and spoke in the highest terms of the services Mr. Booth had rendered to the Company.

Mr. John Lion seconded, and the motion was carried with enthusiasm. The Chairman having briefly responded, the proceedings then terminated.

THE WELSH CHURCH ACT.

THE action of the Government in forcing the Welsh Church Bill upon the Statute Book by means of the Parliament Act, and bringing it into immediate operation in spite of the Prime Minister's pledge not to proceed with controversial legislation during the War, necessitates continued effort in defence of the Church in Wales.

Churchmen are therefore invited to support the CENTRAL CHURCH DEFENCE COMMITTEE, so that, when national conditions permit, an effective campaign may be launched for the repeal of the Act.

Cheques (crossed Messrs. Hoare) may be sent to the Secretary at the Offices of the Committee in the Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

T. MARTIN TILBY,
Secretary.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Examination May 18th, 19th, 20th. At least Ten Entrance Scholarships value £75 to £20, and some House Exhibitions will be offered to Candidates who are not already in the College, whether Senior or Junior Department, including James of Hereford Scholarship, value £35 per annum, with preference for boys born, educated, or residing in Herefordshire. Also Army and Old Cheltenham Scholarships.

Some Nominations for Sons of the Clergy, value £30 per annum, are open or next term. Apply to The Bursar, The College, Cheltenham.

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SIXTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING.

NOTICE is hereby given that the SIXTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders in the above Company will be held in the Board Room, Second Floor, "The Corner House," Johannesburg, on Tuesday, the 25th day of May, 1915, at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon, for the following business:

1. To receive the Reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance Sheet for the year ended 31st December, 1914.
2. To confirm the appointment of Mr. A. S. Pearse as a Director in the place of Mr. F. Elkhan. To elect two Directors in the place of Messrs. A. S. Pearse and C. Marx, who retire by rotation in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
3. To fix the remuneration for the past audit, and to appoint Auditors for the ensuing year.
4. To transact such other business as may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting.

The London Transfer Registers of the Company will be closed from the 26th April to the 1st May, 1915, and the Head Office Transfer Registers from the 21st May to the 8th June, 1915, all days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
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1. To receive the Reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance Sheet and Revenue and Expenditure Account for the year ended the 31st December, 1914.
2. To confirm the appointment of Mr. A. S. Pearse as a Director in the place of Mr. F. Elkhan. To elect two Directors in the place of Messrs. H. Neuhaus and C. Marx, who retire by rotation in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
3. To confirm the appointment of Mr. C. L. Andersson as Auditor, in the place of Mr. Thos. Douglas, deceased. To fix the remuneration for the past audit, and to appoint Auditors for the ensuing year.
4. To transact such other business as may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting.

The London Transfer Registers of the Company will be closed from the 26th April to the 1st May, 1915, and the Head Office Transfer Registers from the 21st May to the 8th June, 1915, all days inclusive.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer wishing to be represented at the Meeting must deposit their Share Warrants, or may, at their option, produce same at the places and within the times following:

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company, in Johannesburg, at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 5, London Wall Buildings, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Office of the Crédit Mobilier Français, 30 and 32, rue Taitbout, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit, Certificates with Proxy Forms will be issued, under which such Bearer Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by proxy.

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